

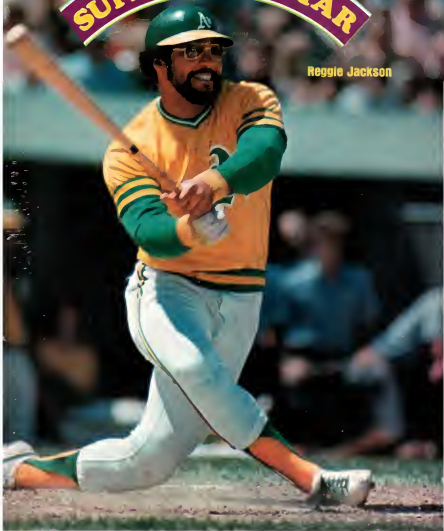
# Sports Illustrated

JUNE 17, 1974

60 CENTS

**SUPERDUPERSTAR**

**Reggie Jackson**





1915: The Goodyear Cord. The right tire for its time.

**More people ride on Goodyear tires than on**

*(Left flap)*

## The ultimate tire of 1915.

It looks like something you'd expect to find on a bicycle. But in 1915, the Goodyear Cord was on more cars than any other tire in America. And with good reason.

With so many unpaved roads, people needed a tire that could take it. So our Cord Tire was built accordingly: tough cotton cords woven around springy rubber.

It seems there was also a serious fuel shortage. "Experts" predicted our supply of gasoline would be exhausted by the mid-1940s.

The Goodyear Cord did its part by enabling cars to squeeze extra mileage from the existing supply. Goodyear promised a savings of 25% over "ordinary canvas tires."

Cars and tires have come a long way since then. But through it all, more people have always chosen the same tire: Goodyear.

Proving, after all, that the more things change, the more they stay the same.

### The Goodyear Cord:

Five features as reprinted from a 1915 tire booklet.

1. Special breaker strip with hundreds of rubber rivets reduces loose tread risk by 60%.
2. Tough cord fabric helps protect against punctures while carrying you 25% further on the same amount of gasoline.
3. 126 braided piano wires help stabilize sidewalls, protect against tires flying off rim.
4. All-Weather Tread with extra-thick, big-block design helps guard against skids.
5. Large, durable inner tube holds about a third more air than ordinary cord tires, helps cushion road shocks.



For a reprint of this advertisement, just send a postcard to Goodyear, P.O. Box 1481, Akron, Ohio 44309.

**GOOD YEAR**



1915 Buick



1916 Oldsmobile



1917 Oakland



1918 Ford Model T



1919 Franklin



1920 Chevrolet



1921 Case



1922 Mercer



1923 Stearns



1924 Chandler



1925 Locomobile



1926 Kissel



1927 Jordan



1928 Ford Model A



1929 Plymouth



1930 Cord



1931 Durant



1932 Essex



1933 Dodge



1934 Chrysler Airflow



1935 Cadillac



1936 Terraplane



1937 LaSalle



1938 Ford



1939 Packard



1940 Mercury



1941 Plymouth



1942 Lincoln



1943 Military Amphibian

More people ride on Goodyear tires than on



1944 Willys Jeep



1945 Staff Car (Ford)



1946 DeSoto



1947 Kaiser



1948 Dodge



1949 Ford



1950 Pontac



1951 Nash Rambler



1952 Plymouth



1953 Mercury



1954 Chrysler



1955 Chevrolet



1956 Dodge



1957 Thunderbird



1958 DeSoto



1959 Rambler



1960 Valiant



1961 Willys



1962 Falcon



1963 Dodge



1964 Chevrolet



1965 Marlin



1966 Mustang



1967 Plymouth VIP



1968 Pontac Firebird



1969 AMX



1970 Ford Torino



1971 Dodge Charger 500



1972 Cadillac Eldorado



1973 Gremlin

any other kind...true for 59 consecutive years

## The ultimate tire of 1974.

Ironically, 59 years after the Goodyear Cord, America is faced with another fuel shortage. And not surprisingly, Goodyear has a tire to help you cope.

The Steelguard Radial. In our own tests against non-radial tires, it saved 3% to 10% in the amount of gasoline used.\*

But in 1974, the biggest job a tire must perform may not be in just saving gas, but helping to give you maximum control over your car.

With highways packed with some 100 million cars — and the chances of encountering the unexpected are that much greater — people need a tire that's responsive.

And our Steelguard Radial is built with this in mind.

**The Steelguard Radial:**  
Five guards to help protect you five ways.

1. Flexible polyester cord soaks up road shocks.
2. Double steel belts help protect against penetration under the tread.
3. Computer-designed tread helps hold the road firmly even in the wet.
4. Decoupling grooves help guard against loss of road contact on curves.
5. Special sidewall stabilizers help guard against sluggish handling.

Goodyear is not an extreme test tire. It is a tire that, in its own tests, shows the actual gas mileage benefits of using Goodyear Radial tires. Some of these tests have shown that under specific, steady-state, controlled conditions, Goodyear Steelguard Radials add as much as 10% to gasoline mileage. A standard test, representing normal driving conditions, indicates gas savings from 3% to 5% with Steelguard Radials. Test data is available upon request.

**GOODYEAR**

Member of the

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company Akron, Ohio



1974: The Goodyear Steelgard Radial. The right tire for its time.

**any other kind...true for 59 consecutive years**

*(Lift flap)*

# THE RED BARON.

Orange juice, grenadine and lime.  
And the gin that's perfect all ways.  
Seagram's Extra Dry.



#### RED BARON RECIPE:

1½ oz. Seagram's Gin,  
1½ oz. orange juice,  
wedge of lime,  
dash of grenadine.

Seagram's Extra Dry.  
The perfect martini gin. Perfect all ways.



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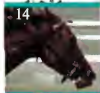
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Credits on page 78

## Next week

CAN JOHNNY READ the greens at Winged Foot well enough to win a second consecutive U.S. Open? Dan Jenkins is on hand to see if Miller is able to stand the grind.

ROARING OFF into memory goes the old-style Targa Florio, once the greatest of the European road races. A scrapbook from the last running recalls the perils in the hills of Sicily.

ICE-BORG is what they call Björn Borg, Sweden's 18-year-old tennis star. Curry Krupa-nick meets him on his home court and discovers how cool-by preconscious Borg really is.



# Winston



## Winston

CRUSH PROOF BOX

FULL FLAVOR  
TOBACCO AND MILD



**tastes good like a cigarette should.**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

100% TOBACCO  
20 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '74.

The American consumer is beginning to understand the need for functional cars that are clean, economical, and make environmental sense.

# Introducing The Peugeot Diesel.

Introducing  
the car that got  
37.3 miles per gallon  
on a coast-to-coast  
economy run.\*

Introducing  
no ignition system,  
no carburetor,  
no standard tune-ups.

Introducing  
the engine that  
requires no emissions  
control devices.

Introducing  
the sedan that costs  
about \$2,500 less  
than the other Diesel.

## Introducing The Next Car.

At an average speed of approximately 45 miles per hour.



Introducing  
the only Diesel station wagon  
in America.



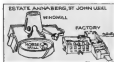
# The spirit of '76 was



## Virgin Islands Rum

Yankee clippers carried Virgin Islands rum to George Washington's army during the Revolutionary War. Some say that our excellent rum kept that army's spirits up during the long winter at Valley Forge, thus helping us win the war!

The visiting ships carried stones as ballast to the Virgin Islands. The stones were replaced with rum for the return trip. The beautiful mill in the picture was built with these stones. It still stands today—and of course we're still making our rum. Try a Virgin Islands rum. We'd like to share our experience with you.



**VIRGIN ISLANDS**  
**RUM**  
 IMPORTED — LOOK ON THE LABEL

.....  
 Virgin Rum Suite 215 CSP  
 46 King St. Christianssted VI 00820  
 I can't wait to try those Virgin Island rum  
 drinks. Please rush my Rum Recipe Booklet

Name

Address

City

State  Zip

THE VIRGIN ISLAND RUM EXPERIENCE - SHARE IT

V.I. RUMS IN CHICAGO INCLUDE BRUGAL, CRUZAN, OLD ST. CROIX, CRUZAOA, OLD MR. BOSTON & POTT.

# 1-800-328-9161

## Your toll-free number to call for a care-free Minnesota vacation

UP IN MINNESOTA, we know that more of our tourists come from Chicagoland than from any other area. It's not surprising. We're not very far away — just 400 miles to the Twin Cities — and our state has so much to offer.

To keep our Chicagoland friends returning and to attract newcomers, we've created a new service: A toll-free telephone system that connects you directly with the Minnesota Tourist Information Center in St. Paul.

Our Tourist Information Center telephone guides can provide the answers — information you need to plan an exciting Minnesota vacation. The line is open all year every day of the week from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m., Monday through Friday and 10 a.m. to 9 p.m., Saturday and Sunday.

Our information experts can answer questions concerning: Gas availability. Mass transportation schedules. Road and weather conditions. Lodging and campsite information. Attractions and events. Whatever you need to know.

If you just want to vacation in Minnesota, but don't know exactly where to go and what to see, we can take care of that, too.

We're offering a choice of six vacation regions so different in geography, history and attractions that we've given them boundaries and names of their own. Here are highlights on two of the regions.

### HIAWATHALAND, REGION FIVE

Drive the Mississippi River Valley with its majestic bluffs. A marvelous mixture of history, scenery and



recreational opportunities. Eat smoked carp in Frontenac; water-ski at Lake Pepin, where the sport was invented; spot bald eagles and

blue herons around Reads Landing and tour the steamboat museum at Winona. Canoe area rivers, visit the famed Mayo Clinic at Rochester and see the site of the James Gang shootout at Northfield. All this plus 10 state parks.

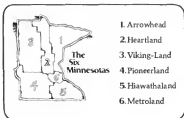
### ARROWHEAD, REGION ONE

Start at Duluth, where you'll greet ocean-going freighters. Then drive up the beautiful North Shore of Lake Superior to Grand Portage National Monument at the eastern tip of Minnesota. To the west is the vast border lakes country with the Boundary Waters Canoe Area, Gunflint Trail and Voyageurs National Park for canoeers, campers and hikers only. Southward lies the famous Iron Range, still the source of 60 percent of America's ore and site of the world's largest open pit mine.



All you need do is call to request free brochures which profile these regions, or our Minnesota map listing 11 tours, jam-packed with Minnesota's historic sites and attractions.

And one more thing: When you get to Minnesota, there's another toll-free number to call if you need more information. Call 1-800-652-9008.



IT'S GOOD TO BE IN  
**Minnesota**  
*All yours · All year · And all near*

Department of Economic Development, Tourism Division

**1-800-328-9161**

# YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT FOR TOMORROW TO ENJOY A SUNRISE.

Until now, if you wanted a spectacular sunrise, you had to be in the right place at the right time. A bar. A restaurant. Or maybe a friend's house, if he had the tequila, orange juice and grenadine needed to make one.

Now you can enjoy a sunrise anytime and anyplace. Because we've taken the original sunrise and put it in a can.

THE CLUB Sunrise is a ½ pint of Jose Cuervo Tequila and natural flavors. And you can find it wherever liquor is sold.

So why not enjoy The Club Sunrise soon. After all, it's the only sunrise you can take wherever you go.



**CLUBS. ANYTIME, ANY PLACE, ANY REASON.**

# "We don't want just a balance sheet approach to banking. That's why we bank at Continental."

"This year marks our 25th anniversary as a corporation. We hate to think how we could have done it without the flexibility and guidance that Continental Bank has given us."

Speaking is Mr. Perry Blatt, President of Artway Manufacturing Company. "Our previous banking experiences were rather impersonal and unimaginative. A cold cut balance sheet approach to banking. That just wasn't good enough for our growth plans.

"Then we talked to Continental, and discovered how extremely sensitive and personable a bank could be. Their financial imagination has been instrumental in the realization of our expansion objectives. Because of their understanding of our over-all needs, we have been free to fully concentrate on what we do best—running our business. I've said this to many people over the years, 'When I needed cooperation the most, I got it from Continental Bank. I still get it. And much more.'"

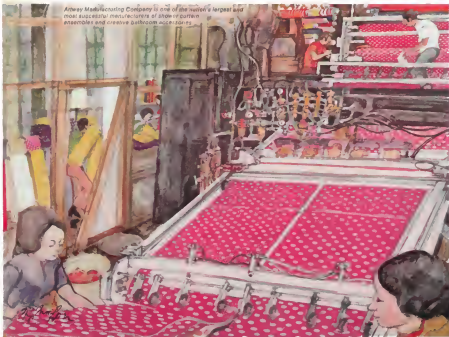
When a balance sheet approach to banking isn't good enough—call Bob Swanson at 312/828-6718.



**CONTINENTAL BANK**

CONTINENTAL BANK IS A MEMBER OF THE CONTINENTAL BANK GROUP  
600 SOUTH LA SALLE STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60605

Artway Manufacturing Company is one of the nation's largest and most successful manufacturers of shower curtain ensembles and creative bathroom accessories.





# SCORECARD

Edited by ANDREW CRICHTON

## CHANGE FOR THE GOOD

Modification of the National Football League's new punt rule was almost an inevitability after the coaches tried it out in pre-training camp scrimmages. To encourage more punt returns, NFL owners had approved a change that prohibited any player on the kicking team from running downfield until the ball was kicked, but the coaches discovered that under this restriction no one got within 12 or 13 yards of the returner at the moment he fielded the punt. Punt returners, they claimed, would convert all kicks into touchdowns, or at least long runs, and that would stereotype the game as much as no return at all.

A dubious argument, at best. Long punt returns are fun. A more frightening prospect persuaded the owners to allow the wide men on either end of the line to go downfield at the center snap. This more serious threat was that the coaches would instruct their punters to kick out of bounds.

There was another good reason to change the new rule, suggests Dr. Robert Kerlan, the famed orthopedist. More injuries would result.

The receiving team can rush just enough people to make sure there is a punt," he says. "It can arrange the rest of the players in a pocket line so that they will get tremendous blocking angles on the men coming downfield to make the tackle. The fact that they are going to get more time to produce blocks undoubtedly means more injuries in a situation that already has a high injury rate. However, the other new rules, such as the elimination of the crack-back block, should more than offset this increase in injuries."

The change on a change makes sense.

## NORTHERN LIGHT

Dolly Connolly, our indefatigable correspondent from Washington state who has strings out to contacts all over the Pacific Northwest, heard from one of them the other day. Grace Shooko of Saint Lawrence Island, high in the Be-

ring Sea off Alaska, reported, "There is one polar bear killed by one man. Alex Osceva got one. It is still a great occasion for the time in the life of a man for an event like this, even now we have powerful weapons like guns and ammunition, still the animal is not an anything."

## MONSTER OF THE FAIRWAY

If sometime during the U.S. Open at Winged Foot you get the feeling, either live or on TV, that you are witnessing a highly sophisticated operation, like a space shot countdown, you will not be far from wrong. Stationed at all the holes will be men intently studying delicate looking devices covered with numbers swiveling around on base plates attached to tripods. The instruments are rangefinders, and when you hear that Johnny Miller made a 16½-foot putt on the 17th green, for once you are going to know that he did just that—made a 16½-foot putt, no more, no less.

This is all part of a fairly massive effort by IBM to bring golf into the 21st century, ahead of time. There will be six rangefinders at various locations on the Mamaroneck, N.Y. course, two more in the clubhouse and three in the present, computer operators will be winging questions into computer control center and getting replies instant on an overhead screen.

Want to know fate on Saturday afternoon who has had the highest putting efficiency on first putts? Blip, blip, blip—printout. Who has had the most holes over par? Blip, blip. Toughest hole to keep drives in fairways? Want to compare three golfers in all the important disciplines of the game? You've got it. Oh, yes. You can get the exact standings of the entire field any time you want them. IBM volunteers in white shirts will be phoning in the golfers' every move from all over the sward.

Outside of how the pros will utilize all this data—only a fool would hazard a guess—there are two distinct problems we can anticipate right off. First, some-

one is going to have a nervous breakdown trying to think up enough good questions to keep the omnivorous computer fed. Second, and worse, we are all going to have nervous breakdowns if the TV commentators pass on even a fourth of what they learn.

## READY STUFF

"Now listen," said the coach sternly, "when your model comes back, don't start combing her out right away. Wait till the other models get back. Let's not fiddle around."

The speaker was Sally Hamz of San Mateo, Calif., known to her charges as "dirty Sally" because of her emphasis on rugged training, long practice and curfew. Dirty Sally is coach of the United States Olympic Hairstyling team, which was in Louisville last week for an exhibition before 500 hairdressers and cosmetologists. This September the five-person team will go to Vienna to compete with 30 other nations in the world championships staged every two years by the



Confederation International d'Coiffure. According to Coach Hamz, it can outcomb, outcurl and outstyle any U.S. five the country has fielded since first entering the Olympics in 1960. "We've never finished better than fourth," she says, "but this time we're strong in all categories. I think we're really going to show them some good heads."

The Olympics are patterned after the

Continued

real thing although, heaven help us: Mr. John, there is no connection between them. Each stylist competes in four categories—day, evening, mode of the day and gala. The work is judged for appearance. Gold, silver and bronze medals are presented on a victory stand, national anthems are played and flags are waved.

Competition is conducted very much as it was in the Cochran Room of Louisville's Galt House. In the middle was a stage with a pink-and-white-striped curtain background and, poking into the audience, a runway with five dressing tables and chairs. As each Olympian was introduced, he or she walked down the runway to shouts and whistles and took up a position at one of the tables. Then came the models, whose job it is to sit still and smile woodenly while the athletes do their stuff. Standing, bending, leaning over on one foot, the five stylists worked quickly, their fingers nimbly transforming the forests of curlers and bobby pins into styles that one almost never sees except on the pages of women's fashion magazines.

"This team really loves to work," Sally exulted, but then admitted sadly that, good as it was, it probably would not knock the spray cans out of the hands of the Germans, Austrians and French, who dominate the Olympics. This country's one hope, she said, is that the judges will stress the technical aspects of hairdressing, in which the Americans are strongest, rather than the artistic. But the prospects are not good. "The judges are mainly European. We're competing in their backyard, so to speak. I'm sorry to say it, but, yes, I'm afraid politics enters into the judging."

Oh, dear.

#### THE COVER-UP

The most troubling question raised by the investigation of athletic department practices at Long Beach State (page 24) is a too familiar one: How can honest men attempting to achieve laudable goals—the financial betterment of a university, the reclamation of young athletes from ghetto life—go so wrong?

"I am not a crook," Basketball Coach Jerry Tarkanian all but says in his repeated defenses of his role.

"Everybody does it," protest Long Beach State's former football coaches.

"None of our people had a rigorous education . . . into no-no's," sums up contrite University President Stephen Horn.

To date nobody has walked into the office of NCAA Director Walter Byers and said, "There is a cancer on your institution." But anytime now, somebody might, because many of the men who run big-time college sport—athletic directors, coaches and, ultimately, university presidents—are harboring serious reservations about things they themselves are doing. Being forced to do, they would say, in order to remain competitive.

Coaches are not hired to lose, and the pursuit of the required victories has led to ever-escalating transgressions of what is legal, as defined by NCAA rules, and what is moral, as defined by anyone. Their tendency concerning such matters as the enrichment of prize recruits by boosters and others is to follow the precept: "Don't tell me what you do, and get it done."

Intercollegiate sport is a wonderful American institution. It has enlivened our weekends and freshened our spirits for more than 100 years. But those who care about it and those responsible for its vigor and its dignity must understand that it is as vulnerable to materialism, pragmatism and amorality as any other aspect of our lives.

#### COMMEMORATION

Sculptors have devoted themselves to war heroes, the pioneer woman, millionaire patrons and racehorses. But a two-pound salmon?

Ten years ago a silver salmon, nicknamed *Indomitable*, lived up to that name by defying both probability and modern plumbing. He swam from a stream near Orick, Calif. through a maze of drainage pipes back into the Prairie Creek Fish Hatchery rearing pond where he was born.

The news of that sewerage-defying feat spread, and Floyd Davis, a sculptor from Ganquet, was inspired. He spent over two years making a 21-foot-long redwood likeness of *Indomitable*. The result, all five tons of it, was unveiled recently at Orick before more than 200 spectators. Seemed a pretty big fish for a little pond.

#### MONEY SQUEEZE

The long hockey season has just ended, but already Toronto Maple Leaf President Harold Ballard has announced that his sixth-ranked team will command the highest ticket prices in the league when play resumes four months from now. Ballard has painted his prestige seats gold—

they were red and \$7.70 apiece—and will charge \$12 a game for them, or \$1,032 a pair for the 40-game season plus three required exhibitions. Despite coloring the best of the reds gold, Ballard will have more reds available. This is because there will be 5,200 fewer blue seats. Reds will be \$10 this time around and those blues bad enough to stay that color will go from \$6.60 to \$8.

Things are somewhat less golden with Toronto's soccer Metros. They won their first three games and expected at least 10,000 last week when they played the Seattle Sounders. Approximately 4,900 showed. Far from raising seat prices, exasperated President Bruce Thomas offered to pay people to attend. The first 1,000 youngsters under 16 to arrive at the next home game will receive a dollar each if they will sit at the end-zone seats and cheer for the Metros. "If we're going to go down, let's not go down in silence," said Thomas.

Apparently painting seats in loud colors helps only if the game is hockey.

#### CLOCKWORK LEMON

The most novel solution to the growing problem of unruly sports fans (page 10) that we have heard lately is one suggested by Englishman John Harris, secretary of soccer's Tottenham Hotspur Supporters' Club. "Issue each fan an identity card. If there were any misconduct the passport would be taken away from him. In this way no hooligan could ever enter a stadium in the country again." Maybe nobody would enter a stadium again.

#### THEY SAID IT

• Dick Vermeil, new UCLA football coach, on the Denver Broncos' John Ralston: "You can't insult Coach Ralston. He relishes the challenge of converting a jerk into a friend."

• Mona Schallau of the Minnesota Buckskins, assessing her tennis game: "My volley is blah. I'm a dead elephant on the court. My serve has no sting and I am confused. Other than that I'm a fine player."

• Penny Ann Early, jockey who embarked on a vigorous training program to regain her riding form: "My vital statistics aren't very vital anymore."

• Robin Yount, 18-year-old Milwaukee Brewer shortstop, asked what he thought of the A's Vida Blue after facing him for the first time: "He's good. I used to watch him on TV when I was a kid." **END**

# GOOD NIGHT, PROBLEM PERSPIRATION.

## The Mitchum Method lets you wake up to all-day protection.

### What is The Mitchum Method?

It's the way to say good night to problem perspiration *effectively*. Because you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant at *night*—before you go to bed. So that all night long, while you sleep, Mitchum's two anti-perspirant ingredients can work their benefits into your skin. Pre-conditioning your skin, at a time when you're apt to perspire least, to cope with the tensions of tomorrow, when you perspire most. (Makes sense when you think about it, doesn't it?)

In the morning, you'll be ready for just about anything. Even your morning shower or bath won't wash away the all-day protection you get after a night with Mitchum's anti-perspirants. You can wash, towel yourself dry, and *feel* dry all day. Without the need for anti-perspirant refreshment.



### How do Mitchum anti-perspirants work?

First, understand this: you perspire from many areas of your body. However, you're particularly aware of perspiration when the glands start gushing under your arms. During times of physical activity, perhaps. Or emotional stress. (No one knows better than you when this perspiration is a problem.)

What Mitchum anti-perspirants do is gently re-direct this annoying sweat. It merely leaves through other, less bothersome areas of your body. So don't believe the old wives' tale that if you help stop your underarm perspiration, you're doing something unhealthy.



### Is The Mitchum Method gentle?

Yes. Mitchum Anti-Perspirant contains high percentages of the two best anti-perspirant ingredients: aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate. But in a *specialty buffered formula* that helps avoid irritation of the skin.

### Can you ever skip a night when you use Mitchum, the night-time anti-perspirant?

If you follow our recommendations for using Mitchum Anti-Perspirant four nights in a row at first, you can then occasionally skip a night and still feel protected the next day. Of course, you may use Mitchum any time you prefer. But we recommend getting the night-time habit.

### In what forms can you use The Mitchum Method?

**Cream.** For the complete coverage that only hand application of a cream can give. Won't leave its mark on your clothes the next day.

**Dab-On.** On-the-spot coverage with a unique, built-in silken applicator that applies easily and uniformly.

Available scented and unscented.

**Spray.** Press the nozzle to release a gentle mist of protection every time. Available scented and unscented.



Just pick the form you prefer. But use it at night. Then say good night—to problem perspiration.

## The Mitchum Method. Plan tonight to sweat less tomorrow.

# TAKE ME OUT TO THE BRAWL GAME

*Ugly incidents caused by rowdy fans are multiplying, and the reasons go far beyond the sale of cheap beer in the grandstand* **by RON FIMRITE**

**A**t first, they were merely capricious, fools clowning in the stands, spilling onto the playing field to gambol on the forbidden turf like rebellious children. There were streakers, naturally, and a woman who attempted to embrace Home Plate Umpire Larry McCoy, and teen-agers sprinting across the outfield. They created irritating delays in the game between the Cleveland Indians and the visiting Texas Rangers but, in the beginning, at least, they seemed manageable.

Some difficulty had been anticipated, for beer at Cleveland's Municipal Stadium on the night of June 4 was selling at 10¢ a cup, and of the 25,134 "Beer Night" celebrants, a few would obviously be attending the ball game in quest of a cheap high. The stadium security force was, therefore, beefed up from a normal 32 men to 48, just in case.

As the night wore on and the beer took hold, more than a few fans turned ugly. They dropped firecrackers near the Rangers' bullpen and suspended others on strings into the Ranger dugout. They tossed cherry bombs onto the field and poured beer on the Rangers as they returned to their bench. In the ninth inning, after the Indians, who had been trailing by two runs, had rallied dra-

matically to tie the score at 5-5, dozens of rowdy fans jumped onto the outfield, belligerent, spoiling for trouble.

One group surrounded Ranger Right-fielder Jeff Burroughs. Somebody snatched his cap, and as he sought to retrieve it he was hit and jostled by the crowd. Burroughs fought back as scores of sodden spectators joined the battle. It was then that Ranger Manager Billy Martin, never one to avoid a fight, led his players in a rescue charge. Some were carrying bats. Still, they were outnumbered and outgunned by the chair-throwing, bottle-swinging fans. The Indians, Manager Ken Aspromonte in the forefront, rushed out to assist the Rangers, a gesture not without irony since the two teams had fought each other in a typical baseball brawl only a week earlier. Order was never fully restored, so Nestor Chylak, the senior umpire, forfeited the game to Texas. Still, the fans continued to swarm, scrapping now among themselves, until security guards and hastily summoned city police forcibly quieted them.

Nine persons were arrested and charged with disorderly conduct. Three Rangers, one Indian and Chylak himself were injured in the melee. "The fans were

uncontrolled beasts," said Chylak, nursing a cut hand. "I've never seen anything like it except in a zoo."

"I've been in this game 25 years," said Billy Martin, "and I've never had an experience like this. . . . That was the closest I ever saw to someone getting killed in baseball. . . . People were acting like idiots. Was it the beer? I don't know."

The beer? More than 60,000 10-ounce cups were downed that night, clear indication that at least some of the tipplers were slightly crooked and that some of these could have been pugnacious drunks. Chylak called the rioters "punks," and it is true that the majority were young men. Just a bunch of drunken kids acting out their hostility, then? Possibly, but while the Cleveland riot was by all odds the worst and most dispiriting incident of the current sports year, it was not the only disturbing one.

There has been an alarming upsurge in fan violence in all sports these past months, to the point where unusual security measures are now taken for even the most benign events. Team owners and league commissioners, meanwhile, have been forced to take long soul-searching looks at what they have created. They must begin to wonder if it is even possible now, in an age of free expression and at a time when violent action and reaction are everyday facts of life, to assemble large numbers of people in one place, excite them, and expect them to behave themselves. The question seems wholly legitimate in light of some sorry recent occurrences.

Late last month in Cincinnati's Riverfront Stadium, Bob Watson, the Houston Astros' outfielder, lay stunned at the base of the left-field fence. The lenses of his sunglasses had shattered when he crashed into the fence in futile pursuit of a ball hit by the Reds' Merv Rettenmund, and he was bleeding from facial wounds inflicted by the broken glass.

A group of spectators, perhaps 10 or more, at least some of them drunk, leaned over the railing above the fence, presumably concerned about the injured player's condition. Then, as Watson's

*continued*



Xpletive!

WoW!

Xpletive!

POW!

Crash!

huelmgarth

teammates, who had run out to help him, backed off in astonishment, the fans began to rain beer down on him and to pelt him with ice cubes and crushed paper cups. There was an angry, profane exchange between the players and Watson's assistants, during which the players were improbably invited to scale the 12-foot-high fence and give battle.

"This is a crazy world," commented Houston Manager Preston Gomez afterward in a monument of understatement. "I couldn't believe they felt nothing for an injured man lying on the ground."

That same afternoon in Cincinnati four persons were arrested for brawling, and only a week before, Umpire Satch Davidson had been struck in the small of the back by a full can of beer tossed from the grandstand.

The Reds' own Pete Rose, a superb athlete and a popular player even on the road before his fight with the Mets' Bud Harrelson in last year's National League playoff, is now a target of abuse not only in New York but in Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. A game last month in Los Angeles was delayed for several minutes when Rose was subjected to a shower of ice cubes, food, flashlight batteries and other assorted debris by the normally good-natured fans in the left-field pavilion. In New York last week, Mets' officials took pains to ensure that Rose's first appearance there since the playoffs would be without incident. Seats within throwing range of the outfield were not put on sale and 45 extra security guards circulated through the stands. Fortunately, Rose endured nothing more injurious than boos, banners and a few shouted insults, some in dubious taste,

but all fair enough in the eyes of experienced athletes.

"They can boo me," Rose has said, "but I can't get it in my head that a ball-player should have to stand there and have bottles, ice and batteries thrown at him. I don't think a ticket gives anybody the right to throw garbage at a player."

Even Henry Aaron, honored wherever he plays in this, his showcase season, has been subjected to abuse from grandstand delinquents. At a recent game in San Francisco a young spectator leaned into the Braves' dugout and hurled an orange, which struck Aaron on the side of the head.

In Boston a fan rolled a cherry bomb into the Minnesota dugout, the fragments causing slight injury to several players, including Pitcher Ray Corbin, who was hit perilously close to an eye.

In Arlington, Texas, Cleveland Catcher Dave Duncan was struck by a full can of beer and in Milwaukee, Detroit Outfielder Willie Horton was showered with beer as he stood in left field. Horton, who is one of an increasing number of players who wear batting helmets for protection on the field, was also hit with an orange in his home park, Tiger Stadium. Houston's Bob Gallagher summed up the players' growing concern when he said last week, "It seems like everybody in the outfield stands is either young kids or drunk old men. It's unbelievable what we put up with."

Baseball has no monopoly on outrageous fan behavior. Atlanta hockey Coach Bernie Geoffrion was hit on the arm by a full bottle of beer thrown at him from the first balcony of Chicago Stadium. Philadelphia Flyer Coach Fred Shero was barely missed by a liquor bottle thrown at him after the second playoff game with the Bruins in Boston. And in Houston, Minnesota Fighting Saints players were obliged to fight their way through a mob of truculent spectators to the visitors' dressing room.

The supposedly more sophisticated sports have also had their moments of disgraceful behavior. Fans at the U.S. Grand Prix auto race in Watkins Glen distinguished themselves by pitching both private cars and private citizens into a muddy pit along the race route enchantingly referred to as "The Bog." "The Bog wants the Porsche," the mostly young miscreants would howl before

rolling an expensive foreign car into the ooze. Fans in the infield at Churchill Downs tossed bottles at passing horses in the race immediately following the Kentucky Derby. And World Team Tennis paid dearly for encouraging its spectators to violate the game's mores and express themselves vocally when seized by the mood. As it developed, the players' sensibilities were not entirely attuned to the verbal pyrotechnics considered routine in less-cultivated activities. Jimmy Connors, playing for the Baltimore Banners, climbed into the stands in search of one particularly abrasive spectator and Francoise Durr of the Deaver Racquets angrily slammed a ball into the crowd, hitting a spectator on the head, after someone shattered her concentration during a serve by shouting, "Boo!"

These are only the more notable incidents. They do not include the routine fistfights, vandalism, profanity, theft and, for the moment at least, streaking, that seem so much a part of the contemporary sports scene. There are times, regrettably, when there is more action in the grandstand than on the field.

For all of this, Americans are still a long way from the hysterical behavior of soccer fans in other parts of the world. So far, we have not experienced a riot comparable to the one which took place a decade ago during a match in Lima, Peru, where 293 fans were killed and 500 injured. But by our own standards, we seem to be growing increasingly unruly.

Not that organized sport in this country has ever contributed significantly to public civility. The baseball fan at the beginning of the century—free of the possibly inhibiting influence of women spectators and close enough to the playing field in those tiny ball parks to take immediate action against erring players or umpires—was, by all accounts, an abysmal churl.

"Fans sometimes fought the players," reported David Quentin Voigt in Volume II of his *American Baseball*. "And their most lethal missiles were pop bottles."

But the ball parks grew larger and the players, seen from a greater distance, grew smaller, less familiar, less vulnerable. From afar, they looked like heroes, and for at least 30 years or more there was a general trend toward spectator conformity. The ball diamond was a sanctuary not to be broken into by Phi-



listines. Then, too, there was no television to tantalize the show-offs.

There were incidents, of course. The Cardinals' Ducky Medwick had to be removed from the field by order of Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis to restore order to the seventh game of the 1934 World Series in Detroit. Medwick had charged into Tiger Third Baseman Marv Owen in a close play at third, and when he returned to his position in the outfield the fans showered him with garbage. But for the most part, ballplayers were regarded with respect, even awe, and if the fans were not always orderly, they were at least cheerful. That can scarcely be said of the mob in Cleveland.

One of the more disturbing aspects of the recent assaults has been the apparent hostility the fan directs at friend and foe alike. Controversial players are no safer from abuse at home than they are on the road. To the athlete this is puzzling, frightening.

"If you hear what is hollered at us here and elsewhere," said the Reds' Johnny Bench in Cincinnati, "you would think they don't believe anybody is anything. It's dehumanizing."

"The old fan yelled, 'Kill the umpire!'" says Dr. Arnold Beisser, a Los Angeles psychiatrist who is a student of fan behavior. "The new fan tries to do it."

The recent nastiness is variously blamed on increased drinking in stadiums, on young persons accustomed to venting their emotions publicly and without restraint and to a general breakdown in manners throughout the country. But there has been beer in the ball parks for years and the owners themselves have long courted the young crowd. Can it simply be the national mood?

"That some incidents seem more outrageous and sometimes criminal now is probably little more than a reflection of the times," says Duck Beardsley, a longtime sports reporter now with the *Atlanta Journal*. "Anti-Establishment feelings have run strong in recent years, not so much in the number of people who feel them as in the expression their feelings take. Pranks have become less innocent. Now if you're going to exhibit displeasure, it seems fashionable to do so in a manner more shocking than in the past. It is no longer enough to run onto the field and try to shake hands with a play-



er or to sit in your seat and be satisfied with a simple boo."

There is also the suggestion of something perhaps more ominous—an alienation of affections between fan and athlete. The modern fan does not take his rebuffs lightly. The athlete who pushes past an autograph-seeker is creating, to some degree, an enemy. The player who callously jumps leagues in quest of even richer rewards, can only disillusion the fan who might naively consider him beholden to the old hometown. And when a baseball player announces, as Chicago's Dick Allen has, that the game for him is merely a job, the fan begins to question whether his own loyalty has not been misplaced.

In his defense, the athlete-businessman is merely portraying himself as just another working stiff with the same prob-

lems, the same aspirations, the same capacity for greed as the next fellow. But it is just possible that though the athlete now sees himself, in his interminable financial haggling with the owners, as anti-Establishment, the fan sees him, with his huge salary, as only another member of the Establishment.

"Sports and the rest of society," says Dr. Beisser, "are mirrors of one another. The sports fan reflects society's dissatisfactions—a disillusionment, for example, with materialism."

And what, in the name of Mammon, is more rampant in sports today than materialism?

It is a dilemma, one that threatens the basis of spectator sports. The ball park was once a place to escape the pressures and violence of life outside. Now, it seems, there is no escape.

AND

# FLOW SWIFTLY, LITTLE CURRENT

*When they talk about class among the 3-year-olds, it almost always comes down to what happens in the Belmont Stakes. A mile and a half is the real test. Now everyone has a colt to talk about*

by WHITNEY TOWER

Just about the time George F. Seuffer's band was warming up to toe-tle its melancholy way through *The Side-walks of New York* at Belmont Park last Saturday, the sun made its first appearance in a day that had been as cloudy as the 3-year-old picture had been all season. A few minutes later, his chestnut coat gleaming in the sunlight, Little Current raced to a seven-length victory in the Belmont Stakes to clear up that situation, too. Never mind the parade of 3-year-olds who had taken turns this year at the top of the heap. Little Current's decisive back-to-back triumphs in the Preakness and the Belmont mean one thing: he is the best.

As he had three weeks earlier at Pimlico, John Galbreath's son of Sea-Bird came from far back to catch Cannonade, the Kentucky Derby winner, in the

stretch and gallop on to his imposing margin of victory—coincidentally, the same in both races. In the Belmont there may have been some slight feeling of suspense for a mile and a quarter of the mile and a half distance since Jockey Miguel Rivera kept Little Current far back in eighth place in the nine-horse field for most of the way. But when Little Current moved on the leaders in the stretch, the contest was over with a suddenness and a finality that left no questions unanswered.

Belmont Day in New York does not inspire the high emotion and tear-jerking sentimentality that grip audiences in various ways at Churchill Downs and Pimlico. No streakers—indeed, no spectators—inhabit the Belmont infield, where even the lawn sprinklers move in graceful, bullet-like circles. But what Bel-

mont does have is a classic race in the European style, a test of both speed and stamina that separates the average stakes-winner from a top horse. Winners win on merit, and losers lose for the same reason. As Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, chairman of the board of trustees of the New York Racing Association, said, "You have to have a hell of an excuse to have an excuse in the Belmont. It's a long way to go."

Vanderbilt is more than a casually interested party: 21 years ago his Native Dancer came back after losing the Derby to win both the Preakness and Belmont. And last Saturday Vanderbilt could take pride in watching Little Current, a great-grandson of Native Dancer, and Jolly John, a grandson, finish one-two in the Belmont. Had he not suffered a bumping accident in the Derby 21 years

*Driving through the stretch, Little Current showed impressive speed coming from far off the pace to win going away by seven lengths.*





ago, Native Dancer might have wrapped up a Triple Crown of his own, and had Little Current not been bounced around in the early stages of this year's crowded Derby he might now be the 10th Triple Crown winner. Instead, he joins Native Dancer, Nashua and Damascus among Derby losers who fought back in the Preakness and Belmont to top the 3-year-old division.

When Little Current slipped through an almost nonexistent hole on the rail to win the Preakness, his victory was convincing. And yet there were doubters who claimed with logic, "If he hadn't gotten through, he would have had to go very wide and he never would have made it." Even Owner Galbreath belonged to that school, saying on Belmont Day, "When you have to change stride and direction in midstretch, you're doomed."

Some trainers, not completely sold on Little Current because of his in-and-out early-season record, suggested that he might have caught exactly his kind of track, the wet-fast Pimlico strip, in the Preakness, and that on a dry-fast Belmont surface—just the kind Cannonade loves—it might be another story.

Woody Stephens, Cannonade's trainer, felt that way. "I beat Little Current every time we met until he caught that track at Pimlico," he said. "Little Current was stopping in the Blue Grass when I beat him with Judger. Still, who's to say Cannonade won't stop, trying to get a mile and a half." Stephens had other worries, too. Cannonade's Derby and Preakness jockey, Angel Cordero, was found guilty of some rodeo tactics in a pre-Belmont race and was given a suspension that cost him the mount on the Derby winner. After a bothersome period in which Cordero drove around Belmont in his Cadillac telling everyone from the stewards to the manure collectors that he was heading for the Supreme Court to have the verdict reversed, the jockey finally realized that Stephens would stick by the stewards' decision and use Panamanian Jorge Velasquez as his replacement. Velasquez was delighted at his big chance, but spent most of the week figuring out what to say if Cannonade were beaten and he got the blame. That's all right, Jorge. Not Cordero—or even Eddie Arcaro—could have won this Belmont on Cannonade. Just as Stephens half-feared, Cannonade did stop and faded to third.

Everyone had figured the early speed would come from Hudson County, who had run so commendably to be second in the Derby, and Jolly Joku, who had first led and then held on so well to be fourth in the Preakness. They were partly correct. Jolly Joku did set the pace, but Hudson County stumbled slightly coming away from the gate and could never really get in the hunt. Instead, it was Shady Character, usually at his best on the turf, who joined Jolly Joku until Velasquez, noting the slow early tempo, decided to move up sooner than planned with Cannonade. Little Current, meanwhile, was in eighth place, cooling it along the rail, giving his supporters the first twinges of anxiety. But Little Current, even though next to last, was closer to the pace and faster than usual. Earlier, trainer Lou Rondinello had said, "I'm not really worried because I feel that if he has it in a race, he can come from anywhere and win."

And come from anywhere—not quite nowhere—is what he did. When Rivera got into his colt, the response was immediate and authoritative. Cannonade was about to take the lead from Jolly Joku at the top of the stretch, but Little



In victory: a genial owner, a happy jockey.

Current was ready to take both of them. "I told my jock to go outside in the stretch and not mess around with tired horses that might be snipping in front of him," said Rondinello. Rivera himself noted, "I got away with going inside once—in the Preakness—but I wasn't about to take a chance on trying it again."

Little Current moved to the outside as they passed the quarter pole; Rivera whipped his mount and the race was over. As his victims faltered in pursuit, Little Current uncorked a 24-second last quarter—the time of the race was a moderate 2:29½, more than five seconds slower than Secretariat's record—to open seven lengths on Jolly Joku, who displayed courage and stamina in coming on again in the last strides to nip Cannonade by a nose. The thoroughly exhausted Derby winner had a three-quarter-length margin over Rube the Great. Behind Rube came Kin Run, Shady Character, Hudson County, Sea Songster and Bold and Fancy. As Alfred Vanderbilt had predicted, nobody had an excuse.

Little Current, named for the small town in Ontario where the Galbreaths keep a fishing cabin, is due for a rest until the Aug. 17 Travers at Saratoga. "The greatest thing about his Belmont victory," said Galbreath, "is that he didn't let down all the people who said such nice things about him after the Preakness. There's always pressure on you when you have the favorite in a big race, but honestly, it's not the purse I worry about or the opposition as much as it is people who like racing and who put their confidence in your horse."

Then Galbreath added, "We've all been saying for months how the 3-year-old picture was all mixed up. I wouldn't say it was that confusing right now, would you?"

END





*The flash was a bit weaker but the spirit was still willing. Jake LaMotta struck his Bronx Bull stance and said, "Come on, hit me." But Freddie Rueso stayed out of the picture. "Not for charity, not for nothing will I go near that animal," he said.*

*Once 126 pounds and featherweight champion of all the world, Willie Pep (right) was still the Wile-a'-the-Wisp against the Williams, who used to rule the lightweight. Since both were among the fiercest boxers in the game, each dared a few piroettes.*

## HUFFING, PUFFING AND PUNCHING

One could squint and almost see them the way they once were, cleaving the air with mighty blows, weaving and dancing so effortlessly. Never mind those touches of gray at the temples, the hint of jowl or bit of belly; after all, ain't a guy got a right to ease off training after all this time? The thing was that they were back, almost as beautiful as they used to be when the world cheered them on, and it did a fan's heart proud to see the old gang. The occasion was a benefit for the Syracuse, N.Y. Heart Fund, subtitled "The Anniversary Waltz," and in such a setting one would never smite a former foe. As Billy Graham warned Joey Giardello, a man he fought three times, "Lissen, don't hit me in the mouth. I got \$900 worth of crockery in there now." Ever a gentleman, Joey hit him in the belly.





PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN LACROIX

*Reviving their oldtime rivalry (Billy won one, Joey two), Graham (left) and Geraldito displayed a dramatic pastiche of hemmed-up aggressiveness, right down to this mock assault on the ref after Joey whopped his pal just a touch too hard in the breadbasket.*



*Both a welter and a middleweight—and a champion at both—Carmen Basilio battled nephew Billy Bachus, a practicing pugilist, to a gamble draw. At the bell it appeared that the best-conditioned man in the ring was Jersey Joe Walcott, sleek at 60.*



# FLYING HIGH FOR TENNESSEE

*A steeplechaser and a sprinter led an army of Volunteers past UCLA to the NCAA track and field championship*

by PAT PUTNAM

It was only 15 inches, but it was the difference between finishing fifth in the triple jump and finishing second. Fifth place gave Clarence Taylor and his UCLA teammates two points instead of the eight that second would have yielded, and the difference of six points meant that Tennessee beat out UCLA for the NCAA track and field championship in hot and muggy Austin, Texas last week, 60 to 56. Among the losers, along with the runner-up Uclans, Brigham Young and tough little North Carolina Central, you might add the U.S. Olympic team, which could find itself ravaged by the NCAA's decision to allow athletes who are professionals in other fields to compete in this amateur showdown.

The International Amateur Athletic Federation, the worldwide track and field authority, has a rule against amateurs and pros mixing in competition, and that august body is expected to take a dim view of the NCAA's new, lenient approach. At Austin the NCAA opened the door to Northeast Missouri State quarter-miler Larry Jones and to UCLA discus thrower Roger Freberg, both of whom recently signed professional football contracts.

The IAAF rule states that anyone competing in the same meet with a profes-

*Doug Brown paces Tennessee teammate Ron Addison over jump on way to one-two finish.*





sional will no longer be considered an amateur, and please don't bother showing up at any future Olympics. At the moment, the AAU, which would have to file a charge with the IAAF before the international body could act, says only that it is investigating, and there was a hope in Austin that the probe would go on and on until it died quietly of old age.

"All this publicity is giving me the shift," said Jones, who signed with the New York Giants. He is the finest quarter-miler in the U.S. and won at Austin in 45.5. "Everybody keeps asking, 'Who is Larry Jones and where is Northeast Missouri?' And what's all this trouble he's causing?" They're making me feel like I committed some sacrilegious sin. If there was a sin, it was ignorance. Nobody told me about this international rule. If they had, I wouldn't have signed."

To a man, the athletes at Austin ignored the professional-amateur rule and went about the business of deciding a national collegiate champion. "The Olympics have always been a big part of my life," said UCLA quarter-miler Benny Brown, "but now I couldn't care less if I



*Cummings beats lead Waldron (left) in mile.*

ever run in them. They're too political." His was an almost universal sentiment. Because it was possible that the IAAF might crack down only on those who competed against either of the two pros, UCLA Coach Jim Bush gave his quarter-milers the choice of withdrawing. They all declined.

"I asked Dr. LeRoy Walker, *rowland*

*Despite furor caused by his professional status, Larry Jones is shruffed winner in 440.*



my coach, and he said it would be O.K. to compete," said North Carolina Central's Julius Sang, a Kenyan quarter-miler who was one of more than 70 foreign athletes participating in the NCAA championship. "I took his word. But if they find out I ran in a meet with a professional footballer, it will be up to him to go to Kenya and explain that I was running for my university and was ignorant about it. If we athletes tried to explain, I don't think our officials would buy it."

Contaminated or not, the runners and jumpers and throwers soon got down to the serious business of squabbling over the title that UCLA had won the last three years. "You can throw the form charts away," said Tennessee Coach Sean Huntsman. "There are too many little schools with a few good individuals who can hurt you, and you never know when it will happen. It's luck. Some guy from a little school might hurt you in an event you figured to do well in, or he might do it to one of the other favorites."

Tennessee, which finished fifth a year ago, showed the strongest balance. The Volunteers expected a big win from Doug Brown in the steeplechase, some key points from Reggie Jones, the powerful freshman sprinter, and then hoped to nickel-and-dime their rivals to death with seconds and thirds and fifths in a number of other events. But a week earlier, Brown, the best steeplechaser the U.S. has ever had, injured his left big toe. At first it was feared broken, but it was found to be only hyperextended.

On Thursday, the first of the three days of competition, Brown breezed through his qualifying heat. Since Brown looked so good and the steeplechase final wasn't until Saturday, Huntsman decided he would gamble and use his senior ace in Friday's six mile, too. Everything seemed to be working out when Reggie Jones upset favored Steve Williams of San Jose State in the 100 final. "That hurt," said UCLA's Bush. "We had hoped Williams would win both the 100 and 220; we don't have any sprinters of our own who could stop Jones."

But Tennessee's gamble on Brown failed. Halfway through the six mile, which was won by John Ngeno of Washington State and Kenya, Brown faltered,

slowed and limped from the track. "For three miles I felt real good," he said. "Then in one lap it happened. I felt awfully tired. The heat radiating from the track was terrible. At first I thought I'd forget about winning and just try for some points. Then I began to feel worse and finally I decided I had better quit and save myself for the steeple. That's a sure win, and we need the 10 points. I don't feel I have anything to prove as an individual. Here the team comes first."

Brown's bad toe was swollen and gray after the race, and he spent the night with it packed in ice. The next day he wiggled the toe and said, "It feels good enough to win. I don't care what happens to it afterwards." That news cheered Huntsman, who had spent a dismal morning watching an expected six points in the javelin dwindle to none. In the stadium, Bush picked out a seat high up and away from the crowd and sat down to watch his pole vaulters. The Bruins had three men in the finals, expected 12 points and hoped for more. Even so, Bush knew this was where disaster could strike. In the previous two NCAA championships, the Uclans' Francois Tracelli, a 17'9½" senior vaulter from Evry, France, had not scored a single point.

"This event is hairy," the UCLA coach said. "You never know what happens. If we don't get at least 12 points here, we're dead."

Down on the field, Ron Moores, UCLA's second-best vaulter, passed at 16 feet, and Bush leaped to his feet. "What's he doing!" he screamed. "His best is only 17 feet and he's passing only a foot under it. These guys are driving me up a wall."

Sitting back down, the UCLA coach pulled out a wrinkled piece of yellow paper. It was his form chart. Two of the teams, UTEP and Oregon State, had been crossed out. Three others—UCLA, Brigham Young and Tennessee—remained, and in a new column he had inked in North Carolina Central.

"Right now, I figure Central is going to win it. They're in great shape. I don't mind losing to them, but the thing that hurts is that they'll beat our mile-relay team, which means our streak of five straight mile-relay wins will end. And to a bunch of Kenyans, not Americans. I don't see why we have to compete against the Kenya Olympic team when we're trying to win a U.S. collegiate championship. And it's going to get worse. Next

*UCLA missed key points in the pole vault, won by Oregon State's high-banded Ed Lipscomb.*

*continued*





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## CASE 427: PART II

# THE PAYOFF

*The story is sleazy, the testimony contradictory, the consequences degrading to all concerned. A detailed account of charges leveled against Long Beach State and an intimation that the problem at this university is the problem elsewhere in college sport*

by RAY KENNEDY

When Long Beach State was censured five months ago for rules violations committed during the reigns of Football Coach Jim Stangeland (1969-1973) and Basketball Coach Jerry Turkaman (1968-1973), the National Collegiate Athletic Association took pains to point out that the stiff punishment imposed upon the 49ers— indefinite probation for not less than three years, exclusion from postseason games and NCAA television packages, cutbacks in scholarship allotments— was for misdeeds that were “among the most serious we have ever considered.”

When the NCAA makes such a ruling and it has cracked down on 150 other sports programs in the past, including Oklahoma football and North Carolina State basketball, it releases a cryptic

“summary of violations,” which is devoid of names and specifics. Here for the first time an NCAA case (this one identified simply as No. 427) is particularized and the oft-expressed generalities of what is wrong with college sport today— unscrupulous recruiters, unsupervised boosters, disgruntled athletes, loose money and the desperate pressure to win— are deciphered in human terms. Here are often angry, sometimes contradictory, occasionally eloquent stories of payoffs, bribery, intimidation, fixed grades, free apartments and phony jobs in one college program. And there is one conveniently repeated complaint: Why don't they go after the big guys?

Of the 74 violations charged against Long Beach State, 31 are general reprimands, nine involve free lodging for ath-

letes, primarily in the off-campus Pacific Holiday Towers, for periods of a few days up to several months, and 13 cover the most common major infraction in college sports: free transportation. Among these 28 violations, the 46 remaining divide into 21 each against the football and basketball programs.

Of the 23 football violations, five involve Linebacker Charles Lewis.

Specifically, it is charged that early in 1971, while Lewis was attending San Francisco City College, he received credit for courses at Long Beach State without being required to attend class or complete assignments; that, without his knowledge, during the same period he was also given credit at two other schools under a similar bogus arrangement; that on three occasions his relatives were given free motel rooms when they attended home football games; and that he was given spending money by an assistant coach and a Long Beach booster, Russell Guiver.

The NCAA box score on Lewis, the quadruple-threat scholar, is impressive. While earning 12 credits at San Francisco City College, he was also gaining seven from Long Beach State, five from Los Angeles State and three from Azusa Pacific College. Without ever once attending such courses as “Golf,” “Advanced Modern Techniques of Coaching Basketball” and “Officiating Men's Spring Sports,” Lewis was given straight A's.

Says Lewis: “On my first visit to Long Beach, Miller and Klu [Assistant Coaches Bill Miller and Mike Kuklenski] met me at the airport and said, ‘Oh, here's some spending money,’ and they gave me \$35. When we got to the motel they gave me another \$15. I thought, wow, these are outta-sight coaches. When they were showing me around the Student Union, I saw this white jacket with the Long Beach name on it, size 46, and they bought it for me for \$16.”

Says Miller, “It was only a T shirt, a \$2 thing.”

Says Lewis: “When I got back to San Francisco City College and decided to stay and get my JC degree, Miller and Coach Stangeland flew in from Long Beach and cracked up a deal right there at the airport. If I signed, I wouldn't have to go to school at Long Beach the first semester, just come for spring practice and they would take care of the grades. So I signed. They were buying me and they were buying grades.”



## THE PAYOFF continued

"They mailed me my \$110 scholarship checks each month but I had to sign for the last one so I flew down. They reimbursed me for the ticket and after I picked up my check I flew back. I was in Long Beach about two hours."

"When I came down for spring practice I moved in with Russ Guver. Man, he had some crib. I had my own bedroom with a color TV and everything. Russ used to drive his Lincoln to practice every day and he always brought his little black checkbook. The most I ever hit him for was \$50 because I was mel-low with the dude. After I enrolled, Miller gave me a telephone credit card number to use and I had a job as a janitor at the Student Union for \$120 a month but most of the time I wasn't there."

"When the NCAA came around, the coaches told us to be cool and not to say anything, but some of us started talking about the way ballplayers were being used and we decided to burn the coaches. Stangeland and his boys wanted to get on the map fast. Well, they got their act right, but not the way they wanted."

*Minus the five Lewis charges, the remaining 18 against football include six involving ardent 49er fan Russell Guver.*

Specifically, it is charged that Guver, catering primarily to three star running backs, lent Leon Burns \$800, Terry Metcalf \$400 and cosigned a \$250 promissory note for Jim Kirby; that he paid off the balance of a Kirby loan while he was a prospect; and that he lent prospect Calvin Jones, a JC defensive back now with the Denver Broncos, about \$100 on two occasions to make car payments.

Says Guver, president of the Signal Mortgage Co. and a devout Christian Scientist who lived until recently in a five-bedroom house one block from the Long Beach campus: "My wife always wanted a boardinghouse and she got it. Our home was open to everyone. My wife kept a scrapbook of all the players who stayed with us. We didn't know it was wrong."

"When one defensive back wanted to move his girl friend in, we put out foot down. We told him that he either had to get married or leave. So we had a nice little wedding right there in our home. It's tough to turn people down. I guess I'm a sofie. That Kirby could come up with the damndest stories for needing money. I began to get suspicious when his grandmother died for the third time."

"I usually gave in but I didn't always

feel good about it. I helped Metcalf buy a car, a \$1,200 Plymouth Fastback, but I would never do it again. I learned that you deprive a man of his dignity and his individuality when you do things like that. I got emotionally involved, I guess. I got caught up in the glamour and the publicity and the ego thing. But I'm out of the program now and I'm very disillusioned. It's not a sport anymore."

*Minus the six Guver charges, the remaining 12 against football include six involving All-American Running Back Leon Burns.*

Specifically, it is charged that Burns was given up to \$275 a month to assist in the payment of rent; that he and his wife were given cash for various purposes; that Assistant Coach Miller offered him improper inducements, including a job for his wife and additional financial aid for housing; that his household goods were stored for approximately one month in a storage area owned by Head Coach Stangeland; that Miller assisted him in moving his furniture free of charge, and that his car was repaired free by a booster.

Says Burns, who like Terry Metcalf is now a back for the St. Louis Cardinals: "I feel that I was exploited and cheated out of a lot of money. I'm writing a book on the subject."

Says Duhan Burns, a wife of a woman who married Burns in 1968 and was separated from him last December: "They didn't recruit Leon. They recruited me. When they brought me down for a weekend, I told Miller that I was making \$500 a month in Oakland and that they'd have to get me a job in Long Beach for at least that much. He said no problem. He also agreed to take care of our moving expenses and getting us a house. So I said O.K., but just put it all down in writing, and he did."

Says Miller, "That's ridiculous! A guy would be crazy to put anything like that in writing. I did get Duhan a job at McDonnell Douglas for \$580 a month. All coaches do things like that."

Says Duhan: "They got us a two-bedroom house in Lakewood. It came with an apartment and we rented it to Curtis Biggers, a wide receiver. He was paying us and we were paying nothing. If I needed money for groceries or anything I went to Miller. He never turned me down because with that signed paper I had a hold on him. I never felt like I was asking for too much. They were killing Leon, mak-

ing him carry the ball 40 times a game. They took more from us than they gave."

*Minus the six Burns charges, the remaining six against football include one involving Booster John Reid.*

Specifically, it is charged that Reid cosigned a \$500 promissory note for Jim Kirby to buy a car.

Says John Reid, a wealthy realtor and the former president of the 49er Touch-down Club: "I helped Kirby get a loan but believe me ours was a penny-ante business compared with the big-money operations going on in Los Angeles. I know because I'm a member of USC's Cardinal and Gold Club."

"We always told the players, if there is anything we can do, let us know. We didn't want to see them suffer. I put up a little money to bring Tight End Leanel Jones' girl friend down from San Francisco. He was just lonely. Before a big San Diego State game I offered the defensive team \$5 for every time they sacked the quarterback or intercepted a pass. After the game I slipped Terry Metcalf and John Turner, a tight end, \$10. They do those kind of things all the time in the Southwest Conference."

Says Kirby, now in market research at IBM in Los Angeles: "I got \$50 a touch-down and \$1 a yard. I had a job at a trucking company that I didn't have to go to that paid me \$250 a month. I lived in Long Beach for three years and never paid rent. One vacation break I went to Acapulco on the money I was making. I took a pay cut coming to IBM."

"When I wanted something I always went to Stangeland. It was a straight business deal, like a pro situation. I came out of it better prepared for life than I would have if I'd gone through a legit situation. I learned that if people have money and they want a winner, they'll pay for it. If you project that out into life, that's the way it is."

Says Stangeland: "My major criticism of the NCAA is that they never checked the credibility of the disgruntled athletes they investigated. Kirby, their star witness, was arrested for 62 traffic citations. Had they bothered to check, they would have found a lot of other things."

*Minus the Reid violation, the remaining five against football charge, that as a prospect Calvin Jones was enrolled at Long Beach City College free of charge, that in 1969 Gary Wright, then the 49er sports information director, cosigned a \$400 promissory note for Tight End John Tur-*

ner to enable him to buy a 1966 Pontiac and that Wright later paid for a \$10 parking ticket for Turner; that as a prospect in 1971 Terry Metcalf and his girl friend were given free room and board for a week in several motels.

About the promissory note, Gary Wright says: "Stangeland asked me to cosign the note. I told him I preferred not to but he came back again and said they couldn't get anyone else. I was 23, just married and new on the job. So I signed. Then, after Turner let a parking ticket lapse, the police appeared at my door with a warrant for my arrest and you're darn right I paid the ticket."

About the motels, Stangeland says: "A couple of Oklahoma State recruiters were trying to steal Metcalf. So we hid him. We moved him. Moved him again. All we were doing was playing hide-and-seek."

The final football violation charges that in March 1973 Long Beach players participated in an out-of-season practice.

Says Stangeland: "I'm certain that after a soccer class or something some of our coaches got exuberant and threw a pass pattern." Actually, the NCAA was referring to an afternoon when one of its investigators, masquerading as a basketball player on an outdoor court next to the practice field, witnessed a full-fledged football drill.

*Minus the 23 football charges, the remaining 23 against the basketball program of Coach Jerry Tarkanian include 14 involving fraudulent test scores.*

Specifically, it is charged that Assistant Coach Ivan Duncan arranged to have a stand-in take entrance exams for high school All-America Roscoe Pondexter and for Glenn McDonald, both starters on the 1974 Long Beach team, for George Gervin, who transferred to Eastern Michigan in the fall of 1970 after spending two homesick weeks on campus, and for Ernie Douse, who dropped out of school after his sophomore year at Long Beach.

Says Duncan: "Did they take the test? I don't know. I didn't go into the room with them."

Pondexter and McDonald signed affidavits saying that they took the test. Gervin says, "I didn't want to take it but they made me." Douse told the NCAA that "an intelligent-looking short guy, a senior or a grad student, with glasses and red-tinted hair, whose first name is Bob and whose last name is either French

or Italian," took the test in his place.

The number of charges relating to the fraudulent test scores is deceiving in that the four separate incidents, applied in overlapping ways that are peculiar to NCAA rules, multiply amoeba-like into 14 violations. The NCAA evidence includes contradictory testimony by some of the players and supporting reports by a handwriting analyst and a test psychologist, but the case lost credence three weeks ago when a state-appointed official presiding at a court-ordered campus hearing dismissed the charges against Glenn McDonald because of insufficient evidence.

*Minus the 14 fraudulent test charges, the remaining nine against basketball include three involving Gervin.*

Specifically, it is charged that Gervin, who was the ABA's fourth-highest scorer this season with the San Antonio Spurs, and his friend Leslie Martin, a football player, spent approximately two weeks in Long Beach in July 1970, that Assistant Coach Duncan improperly induced Gervin to attend Long Beach State by offering to place his brother Claude in Compton College and to arrange a football scholarship for Martin; and that Gervin took part in an illegal tryout in the presence of Duncan.

Says Duncan: "If a kid visits a school and he's a chemistry student, he checks out the lab. Well, the gym is a basketball player's lab and believe me they check it out. It goes on everywhere. All the kids travel with their gear."

*Minus the three Gervin violations, five of the remaining six against basketball charge: that five players received expenses to accompany the team to playoffs and on road trips when they were not eligible, that as prospects Douse and Pondexter were illegally employed at a summer sports camp on the Long Beach campus; that Tarkanian gave Douse \$35 spending money at the 1971 Dupper Dan Roundball Classic in Pittsburgh; and that in 1972 Tarkanian promised Eugene Short, a high school All-America from Mississippi, that his family would be moved to Long Beach and that a job would be found for his mother.*

Says Tarkanian: "We always took our scholarship kids along to the NCAA playoffs to practice with the varsity. We didn't know that was wrong. There were NCAA officials all over the place. Why didn't somebody tell us it was wrong? I was not involved in the summer camp.

All hiring was done through the athletic department, not the coaching staff. To my knowledge this is not a violation. I never gave Douse any money in Pittsburgh or anywhere else. As for Eugene Short, I totally deny the charge. Eugene's mother denies it and his family adviser denies it."

*The last of the 74 violations charges: that as a junior, All-America Ed Ratliff flew to Miami on April 2, 1971 at the expense of the Indiana Pacers to negotiate a contract and then was permitted to play for the 49ers in his senior year.*

Says Don Dyer, president of the 49er Athletic Foundation and an attorney who represents Ratliff and 30 other pro athletes: "I flew with Eddie to Miami and paid for the ticket, not the Pacers, and Eddie reimbursed me when he turned pro. That's a violation, but I'd do the same thing today. It's brutal sending a kid alone to negotiate a contract. He'd be eaten alive. If I hadn't gone along, Eddie would have signed and gotten one-fourth of what he eventually got from the Houston Rockets.

"The selective enforcement of the NCAA burns me. For example, in his junior year there was a story on the front page of the *Los Angeles Times* about Bill Walton and his 'godfather,' Sam Gilbert, talking over a contract with the 76ers. I don't know what the difference is except that Walton gets the Sullivan Award for best amateur athlete and we get put on probation."

Contrary to locker-room whispers, the NCAA men responsible for putting Long Beach on probation were not issued tar and feathers. The chief investigator in Case No. 427 was David Berst, 27, bright, articulate and still brimming with ideals after two years on the beat. He played and coached basketball at MacMurray under Bill Wall, a crusader for a clean-up of college recruiting. "We are upstanding people," says Berst, "trying to do the right thing." Berst was assisted for a short period by Lester Burks, 38, a former Grambling basketball player who toured for six years with the Harlem Magicians. "Some of the black athletes I talked to," he says, "used the ghetto thing as a crutch, but I've been there and it's not an excuse for anything except improving yourself."

The NCAA investigators apparently were unremitting as well as righteous. "The NCAA talked to me four times," says Roscoe Pondexter. "The black dude

continued

## THE PAYOFF

[Burks] kept saying stuff like, 'Tell us what we want to know and we won't give them enough to convict you.' Man, they scared me. They enjoyed trying to make you contradict yourself."

Says Burks: "Ordinarily you don't threaten a guy, you just lay out the consequences. But we did put a little pressure on them about playing that final year." Ernie Douse, who is now attending Long Island University, got the message. "The NCAA guy promised me that I would be able to continue to play college basketball if I told him everything I knew. I'm looking out for myself."

While Bersi and Burks were preparing Case No. 427, the principals went their various ways. In June 1972, after he "found Christ" at a presentation by the evangelical Athletics in Action, Assistant Coach Bill Miller left Stangeland's staff to coach at Placer High School near Sacramento. That same month Ivan Duncanson, Tarkenton's festy chief recruiter, took to coach at Scottsdale (Ariz.) Community College.

Tarkenton, who never lost a home game at Long Beach State while compiling a 122-20 record, stayed on to win his fifth straight conference title. Then on April 1, 1973, after a brief bidding war in which an offer from the University of Nevada, Las Vegas—\$22,000 annual salary, construction of a \$100,000 house at cost, \$10,000 for a TV show, \$10,000 for services as "public relations consultant" to Caesars Palace (later changed to the Las Vegas Convention Center because of image problems), use of two new cars, free medical and dental benefits and a clothing allowance—finally proved too enticing, Tarkenton left the beach for the desert.

Three weeks after Tarkenton arrived in Las Vegas, NCAA investigator Bersi received a telephone call from Jim Harrick, basketball coach at Morningside High School in Los Angeles, about that school's All-America, Jackie Robinson. Excerpt:

**Harrick:** He was recruited and signed a letter of intent to Las Vegas ... His mother was also given a trip over there. ... She was treated very, very nicely and taken to the Bill Cosby Show ... I certainly wouldn't want this to get out that I called but I don't feel that it is right. ... I can't prove it but there might be a little investigation."

**Bersi:** We certainly are interested ...

**Harrick:** I'm certainly not bitter that

he's going there, but I'm certainly sure he will not get an education. ... I'm going to Utah State [next season]. I'll be the assistant up there and I didn't recruit Jackie. I was too close to him. ... I know what a lot of people say, maybe because I didn't get the kid. ..."

Three days later NCAA investigator Burks interrogated Jackie Robinson. "He wanted to know all of the schools I had visited," recalls Robinson. "When I mentioned Fresno State, he said, 'I hear they offered you the same thing they offered Roscoe Pondexter.' And I said, yes, they had offered my family a home to live in and me a car and extra cash. I mentioned USC and they had offered transportation and extra cash."

"Afterward, Coach Harrick told me, 'You can still come to Utah State. Just mention to the NCAA man that Tarkenton loaned you \$5 or something like that while you were visiting.' Then he showed me a letter of intent filled out for Utah State and said, 'Sign this and we can have that man take care of the rest.'"

Stangeland remained at Long Beach to the remorseful end. After turning the school's football fortunes around with a 25-9-1 record and two conference titles in his first three seasons, he ended his coaching career with disappointing 5-6 and 1-9-1 records. Upon resigning to go into business on Jan. 5, 1974, just five days before the NCAA put the 49ers on probation, Stangeland summed up: "Some coaches stay around too long and I'm one of them."

Among the hardest hit by the NCAA crackdown were Lute Olson, Tarkenton's successor, and Athletic Director Lew Comer, who took the job in July 1971. The fact that Olson's 49ers, 24-2 last season, would have been strong contenders for the national championship made the NCAA ban on postseason play more difficult to bear. Calling his one-year stint at Long Beach State "a nightmare," Olson quit three months ago to become head coach at Iowa. Comer resigned his AD post last month.

In a bizarre twist, it is reported that NCAA investigator Bersi has "informally applied" for Comer's job. If he does move West, he would inherit the barren remains of his own handwork. Roscoe Pondexter, and his brother Clifton, the nation's top freshman player last season, both filed letters of hardship and were claimed in the NBA's May 28 draft by the Boston Celtics and the Chicago Bulls

respectively. Forty-Niner Guard Glenn McDonald also went to the Celtics. Temporarily, at least, the glory days at Long Beach State are over.

Out in the trenches, the recruiting wars rage on. It seemed appropriate that two months ago a college all-star game called the Pizza Hut Classic should have as its site Las Vegas. Amid the air of easy seduction, the jingle-jangle of the slot machines and synthetic opulence of the Las Vegas Hilton, the recruiters, agents, scouts and hustlers of all persuasions patrolling the lobby seemed in their element. Even college players not invited to compete in the Classic showed up in resplendent garb and paraded like merchandise through the lounge.

In the coffee shop, agents huddled over their pruned Danishes like crones over knitting. Talk was conspiratorial. Glances were distrustful. A rumormongering of the morning—had it that the NBA and the ABA were finally going to merge and all deals were off or, more precisely, under the table.

Six-figure salaries were bandied about like digits lighting up on the Keno boards. Code words like "multiple options" and "guaranteed no-outs" elicited knowing nods. "No other way," one agent announced with a devious gesture. "We declare hardship this afternoon and go for all the marbles while the going's good."

Ron Delpt, president of Pro Athletics, Inc., motioning over his shoulder to where Roscoe Pondexter was putting a hard press on a one-armed bandit, said high-handedly: "I could tell him to jump off the top of this building and he wouldn't ask why until he hit the ground. I wanted to take Roscoe to lunch a few years ago and he didn't have bottoms on his socks. Those days are over. All I can say is that there are numbers on the desk. Big numbers."

Berry Tarkenton, playing unofficial host, said, "Do you hear the stories they're telling? Girls sent to players' rooms. Free penthouse apartments. Lifetime jobs. Eldorado. And they nail me! Why me?"

As he agonized, a short, nondescript fellow approached. "Hey, Coach," he said. "I've got a super for you. He's Nate Archibald with muscles. And he can board. Nobody knows about him. He's playground." Crossing two fingers, he added, "I'm like *tha* with him. I can de-

continued

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## THE PAYOFF continued

liver," Tarkanian, uninterested, muttered, "Yeah, well, maybe," and strolled off to where loquacious Abe Lemons, coach and athletic director of Pan American University, was holding court.

"Hey, Tark," Lemons shouted. "I understand the NCAA's gonna reopen Devil's Island for ya. They're gonna give ya 30 days in the electric chair," Tarkanian smiled wanly. "Don't fret, Tark," continued Lemons. "I'll send ya magazines and cigarettes in the pen." Tarkanian made more why-one noises. "Reminds me," says Lemons, "of the guy drivin' down the road doin' 60 and everybody else is passin' him gon' 80. And it cop stops the guy and he says, 'Why me?' And the cop says, 'Cause you're easier to catch.'"

Later at Caesars Palace, sitting on something called Cleopatra's Barge, a lounge hydraulically pitching and rolling in a floodlit blue puddle, Tarkanian pondered his fate. "It's unreal, just unreal. We started with nothing. I took the trouble kids that nobody else wanted, figuring that I could help them and they could help me. But there is not one case of my players getting a nickel over their scholarship. If you buy a kid, you can't coach him. There were problems, sure. I had to walk some of those kids to class or else they wouldn't go. But what's the alternative? Is college just to further educate the highly educated? I always had a bad reputation. Tark and his Gypsy Boys. But a lot of those kids got some pride and dignity, learned about responsibility and commitment."

"Oh God, it's a joke, a joke. We were raped at Long Beach. I was so much cleaner than those other guys that it hurts. The worst charges are against football and by being lumped together with them our basketball program comes out looking just as bad. The whole thing is so unfair that it has drained me emotionally and mentally. I can't sleep nights. And the worst thing is that it shatters your beliefs. For the first time in 12 years I didn't go to the coaches' convention. I was too embarrassed. I've always loved the college game, but this has soured me. All I ever wanted was to coach basketball. But now I don't know what I'm going to do."

Then, as Cleopatra's Barge heaved to starboard once more, Tarkanian said, "Let's get off this rowboat or whatever it is. I'm getting sick."

At 42, Tarkanian may be sailing into

more rough weather. In the wake of Case No. 427 has come Case No. 443, an investigation of the Las Vegas athletic program before Tarkanian's arrival. According to former NCAA investigator Burks, who helped with the probe, the case is "a mess."

All winds have followed Tarkanian's aide Ivan Duncan into the desert as well. After exemplary 29-6 and 21-7 seasons, he resigned from Scottsdale Community College last month partly because his poster campaign to "Bring a Brother from the Ghetto" alienated certain factions. But mainly, in the gathering rain from Long Beach, it was stand Scottsdale, preserve of the rich and retired, going one-on-one with Ivan the Terrible. Ivan lost.

Now 35, Duncan says, "The NCAA thing has killed me in coaching. It's next to impossible for me to get a job on the four-year level. Who's going to recommend me? Jerry Tarkanian? I'm going to drop out of sight for a while. Maybe I'll work construction; at least those guys talk straight. When this all blows over, I'll get another shot. Somewhere."

Somewhere far away from Long Beach is where Stangeland's assistant, Bill Miller, wants to be. Today he lives at the bend in a gravel road in Meadow Vista, Calif.—450 miles distant from the trauma of 49er country. He says, "I didn't like college coaching. Working with some of those spoiled kids down there was unbearable, especially those three or four militants who decided to flush a whole program down the drain just so they could get someone. I think Long Beach was a very typical college situation. Our competitors were doing what we were doing. That is one reason why some of the things we did were technically illegal but they were not wrong. I'm 39 now and I'm looking to the future. The past is something everybody would like to forget. Miss Long Beach? Never!"

Jim Stangeland's lot is to remain in Long Beach and, he says, "Contrary to any rumors you may have heard, I'm not sneaking out of town tomorrow." Now 52, he has a new job working for his chief hooster and backer, Russell Guiver, as vice-president of Signal Mortgage Co. Stangeland looks back with regretful candor. "I thought we could whip the world," he says, "but I was arrogant in believing that. We were so poor, so grossly underhugged. We had nice guys like Russ Guiver, but the supporters didn't

know how to support. I spent so much time building the Boosters Club that I wasn't as close to the situation at home as I should have been—obviously. Many of the accusations are true, quite a few are false. But, given our poverty program, it was the only way I knew how to coach."

"I love the NCAA. I have only the most thrilling memories of going to my first NCAA convention and looking up on the stage at Amos Alonzo Stagg and all those men I idolized. They can't take that away from me." Then, slamming his hand down on a table and pointing to the NCAA national championship ring he earned while an assistant coach at USC, he adds, "And they can't take that away from me either. I didn't enjoy any of my five years at Long Beach State but that doesn't matter. What is it King Arthur says in *Camelot*? Let's see: 'I will be here and bleed a while and rise to fight again.' Anyway, that's how I feel."

Feelings elsewhere are on the mend. A Long Beach State banner saying THE NCAA IS A FOUR-LETTER WORD has been retired. The practice of throwing darts at a picture of NCAA Director Walter Byers tacked to a bulletin board in the 49er athletic department has waned. And the hoosters who gather in Lombardo's cocktail lounge no longer pay their bills under the table "because that's the only way us Long Beach State crooks know how to do it."

There is even a sort of bright side to it all in the view of John Williams, an assistant to the Long Beach city manager. "The NCAA thing has focused attention on the city," he says. "Maybe in the long run it's not so bad in terms of people knowing who and where you are."

If there is an epilogue to Case No. 427, it may be in Lois Tarkanian's struggle to understand who and where she and her husband are. Indeed, considering the complex motives and machinations involved, it may even be perversely fitting that the final word be rendered by a Las Vegas shrink.

Distraught and given to periods of crying after the NCAA crackdown, Lois Tarkanian at the insistence of her mother decided to consult a psychiatrist.

*Psychiatrist:* What did you think? That college coaching was all fun and games?

*Lois:* Yes.






*Psychiatrist:* Well, it isn't.

*Lois:* What is it, then?

*Psychiatrist:* It's a business. A big, rough, dirty business. **END**



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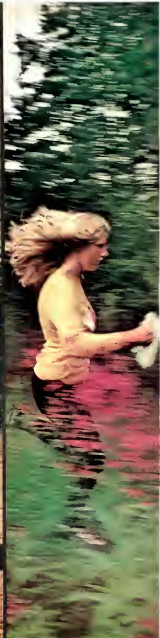
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## Babes in The Swedish Woods

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TED SPIEGEL









A blonde Hungarian champion gives U.S. Marine competitors some basic training, but the advice sought by elderly contestants at a control point is considered poor form. On the last day, with all times computed, a winner gets a lift and a choir consoles the losers with a song.



## The Bullfrog.

(The greening of a drink.)

When this drink originally occurred to us, we had some misgivings. It was so simple and obvious we were afraid of appearing unsophisticated by suggesting it.

We tried it out on a few friends who convinced us it was too good to keep under wraps. So now that we've found the courage to suggest the idea, you might want to try a Bullfrog. It tastes as fresh-faced as summer itself.



To make a Bullfrog, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a tall glass with ice. Fill with 4 oz. of limeade and stir.

**Smirnoff**  
leaves you breathless\*



Nigel Denham of Leeds, England has perfected the hair shot—which may now be added to the golfer's glossary along with the shank, slice, hook and sundry others. On the 18th hole of the Moorstown course, Denham's drive flew into the clubhouse through an open door, scattering patrons in the barroom. Denham coolly entered the bar, asked for silence and chipped flawlessly through an open window onto the green. His shot was ruled legal because the clubhouse is officially part of the course. A happy ending for the story of the club face on the barroom floor.

Frank Lacey, 33 years old and a veteran Phillie reliever, has never held out and never asked for a raise in 10 major league seasons. Strange but true, "Maybe it's hard to believe, but I just don't think a man should ask for more money than he is worth," Lacey says. The pitcher also feels that no general manager has ever taken advantage of him. "I never had to send a contract back," he says. "The only time I didn't sign, it was sort of an accident. After the 1969 season with San Francisco, they sent me a contract and I put it away in a drawer. I meant to sign it but it just slipped my mind. About three weeks later I got a telephone call from Mr. [Horace] Schemm. He said, 'Didn't you get the contract we sent you?' I said, 'Yes, I did, but...' He said, 'Well, how much do you want then?'

'Would you sign if I added another \$2,000?' I said, 'Sure.' And, sure enough, he sent me another contract for \$2,000 more. I felt real bad about that."

Howard Twilley, wide receiver for the Miami Dolphins, apparently had an itch to return to Tulsa, where he played college football. He soon will open a store in town specializing in shoes. Twilley will call his place of business The Athlete's Foot.

When Hawaii Islander Outfielder Gene Locklear failed to run out a pop fly for the second time in four days, Manager Roy Hartsfield suspended him, and Locklear spent three days on the bench without pay. In his first at bat following the suspension Locklear bounced an easy grounder to the infield and ran like fury for first base. Whereat he tripped on the bag, spraining his left ankle and twisting his right ankle. Result: the disabled list for 10 days.

Raymond Roberts failed to return to the Oregon Correctional Institute in Salem after having been given a pass to umpire a Little League baseball game. A description of the fugitive was routinely issued. In part it read, "Wears glasses and has one artificial eye."

■ Here is the start of a Russian motor-sports rally. A clutch of Ferraris seems somehow unproletarian, so the Soviet annual

Jubilee Cross-Country Run is for trucks only. This year's event, at Ryazan in the S.F.S.R., drew nearly 100 contestants and was won by O. Pyall, a truck driver from Estonia—although one wonders how he would have fared at speeds on the Pennsylvania Turnpike. Next week: the Minsk-to-Pinsk Tractor Race.

■ Lella Lombardi of Turin, Italy, became the first woman accepted as a driver for the British Grand Prix. She will drive a Brabham BT 42½ in the race at Brands Hatch in July. Sometimes winning isn't the only thing; entering can be important, too.

After asking the Supreme Court to rule directly on whether President Nixon must submit 64 tapes, Watergate Special Prosecutor Leon Jaworski took time off to relax at Pimlico Race Course. Spies report that he only went to the betting windows once, before the sixth race. Jaworski's choice remains secret, but the winner of that race was Around the Court.

Your impression that you are seeing more and more jocks on television commercials is quite correct. Nominees for the annual Clio awards for best commercials this year include no fewer than 38 sports spots, a record. Finalists range from Ezzard Charles in an affecting muscular dystrophy appeal to the scene in which Victoria Medlin invades



the Reds' locker room and whacks Pete Rose in the gut. Also, a talking Secretariat, Bill Russell lifting the round ball into a hoop mounted over his fireplace and a woman apparently establishing a one-hand chin-up record for females. The silliness gets waist-deep in the apparel category. There Howard Cosell interviews a wrestler named Golden George and the merits of Trust of the Loom underwear, and Yogi Berra and his sons depict the generation gap. Yogi appears in short hair and white underwear, his sons in long hair and brightly colored underwear. "Where did I go wrong?" Yogi moans.

Walter A. Williams felt mixed delight and regret when he received word that he had won eight box seats to future Phillies games in a newspaper contest. Williams asked the tickets be mailed to his wife in West Philadelphia, because he has served only 15 months of a 3-to-10-year sentence for aggravated robbery and is unable to conveniently arrange a day off from Graterford Prison.





Gaylord Perry has 10 consecutive wins end, he insists, a dry sinker

## Forkballer of the year

Felipe Alou once said of Cleveland Pitcher Gaylord Perry. "There's no place in the game for what Perry does to a baseball. Baseball is a clean game." Perry, at present the hottest pitcher in either league with a 10-1 record, those victories all in a row, does not like to hear such comments. He exhales in disgust and falls silent. Nor does the 35-year-old native of Williamston, N.C. like to talk about the things he does or does not do to a baseball before he delivers it to the plate. This is somewhat bewildering since he recently coauthored a 220-page book, *Me and the Spitter*, in which

he details the many foreign substances he used to apply to a baseball—but no longer, he claims—in order to make it do "funny things" as it approached the batter.

"Aw, what you tryin' to do?" says Perry. "Askin' me if I'm cheatin' at baseball. Is 'at what you askin' I never said I cheated. I just said I was throwin' somethin' everyone else was. When I was throwin' it, it was part of the game. A big percentage of pitchers was throwin' it. Now they decided they don't want it to be part of the game anymore, so I had to cut it out. It's no different than takin' a guy out at second base to break up a double play or corkin' a bat. Some batters bore a hole in the end of their bat and put in cork. That helps a ball go further. That's part of the game, too. Anythin' you can get away with is part of the game. In my book I never said I was doin' somethin' illegal. I just said I was doin' somethin' other people was."

Clearly, Perry is the kind of man who would not take pride in devious enterprises. The son of a tobacco farmer, he was raised to believe in the basic American values of hard work, perseverance and honesty, and he does not like to be reminded that in his book he admitted that he cheated in a game in which he takes "a great deal of pride." It was tantamount to saying that he took the easy way out, and for most of his life things have not been easy for Gaylord Perry.

"I've known Gaylord since he was eight years old," says a friend and former major league scout. "The boy always had to work hard at things. He didn't take to books. If he hadn't been such a natural athlete, he might never have gone beyond the ninth grade. He proved to me that you don't have to be brilliant to be a great pitcher. It works against you sometimes. Gaylord just has a natural talent for pitching a baseball, and he can throw the ball wherever the catcher tells him to."

Gaylord and Jim Perry are the two most successful pitching brothers in major league history. Each has won a Cy Young Award. Jim in 1970, Gaylord in 1972—and each is rapidly closing in on 200 victories. Jim has 198 in a little over 15 seasons and Gaylord has 187 in a little over 12. And both are now pitching for the Indians. In the locker room, where they pad about in long johns and

shower sandals, it is easy to spot them as brothers. They are 6'4" tall, move in that loose-limbed, country-boy way and have gray hair and long oval faces. But while Jim is lean, handsome and smiling, with long, modishly cut hair, Gaylord is thicker looking in the neck, arms and middle. His cheeks are lumpy and unshaven, his expression as dour as that of a bear recently emerged from hibernation, and his hair is so sparse that it resembles a friar's tuft ringed by bald and shining pate. Gaylord is the younger by two years, but looks older. He is the more reticent and conservative one, a man who in this day of women's liberation refuses to let his wife smoke cigarettes. "Ladies don't smoke," he informed her.

Of his brilliant start this season Gaylord says, "I don't even know why. You get a few breaks in the game . . . make a few good pitches . . . try to stay in shape . . . maybe the other team hits the ball right at someone and you win. Playin' on grass here helps me, too. Over in the National League there was a lot of parkys with Astro Turf. I try to get batters to hit ground balls, and on Astro Turf they might get through the infield, but grass slows 'em up so my holders can get 'em. Most of the parks in the American League have grass. Control is important, too. If a batter is a low-ball hitter, I try to throw the ball up. If he's a high-ball hitter, I try to keep the ball down. I depend a lot on my catcher, too."

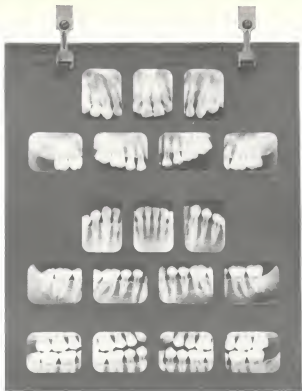
Although Perry says he no longer throws a spitball, he concedes that the fuss over his past throwing of it still benefits him.

"I try to use it to my advantage," he says. "Gets the batter lookin' for somethin', and I throw him somethin' else. That's why I use it go through all those motions on the mound, touchin' my neck and belt and cap and all. I even use practice 'em in the bullpen or duenn' batin' practice so's they'd feel natural. But this year there's a new rule that says if an umpire thinks a pitch looks a little funny he can call it a ball. The second time he can throw the pitcher outta the game. So I don't go through those motions anymore. At first it felt unnatural, but now not doin' 'em feels natural."

While some batters are not persuaded that Perry has given up the spitter, he says they must be thinking about his ex-

continued





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cellent forkball, a legal pitch. A forkball is similar to a spaball in that neither pitch spins very much as it approaches the plate, and both sink sharply. The major distinction between them, besides the question of legality, is that a forkball cannot be thrown very hard, so its break is less sharp than a spitball's. A splitter can be thrown almost as hard as a fastball and its drop is so wicked as to make it virtually unhittable. But, contrary to popular opinion, it is not an easy pitch to master.

Nor is Perry's reputation an easy one to outlive. "I don't know anything about his forkball," says Billy Martin, manager of the Texas Rangers, "but he still throws a splitter. He doesn't go to it as much as he used to, though. He'll save it for a real good hitter and then he'll load up. It defeats a man. The hitter gets so down on himself that Gaylord can get him out with a fastball next time. He's got a good fastball, too, and a good slider and curve. And he's a tremendous competitor. A week ago he beat us 8-0, and he didn't even have good stuff."

## THE WEEK

(Last 7-21)

by JIM KAPLAN

**AL WEST** It was a typical Oakland week: the players fought among themselves, groused about Manager Alvin Dark and Owner Charles O. Finley and still managed to split six games. First, Catfish Hunter said Dark should not have relieved him with another right-handed pitcher, Rolfie Fingers—who promptly allowed two earned runs. The A's beat Milwaukee 6-4 anyway to extend their winning streak to four and their division lead to 3½ games. Other players were more disturbed by the demotion of Pat Bourque, a .286-hitting first baseman and designated hitter, to the minors: "If Bourque goes, no one is safe," said one. "Why does he [Finley] have to mess up just when we're going so well?"

Then things got better. Reggie Jackson and Billy North, who had been feuding, brawled in Detroit. Jackson, who outweights North by some 20 pounds, wound up with an injured shoulder and Catcher Ray Fosse, a would-be peacemaker, was in traction with a back injury.

Things were slightly more peaceful in Chicago. When fire broke out in a concession stand thousands of White Sox fans ran onto the field to escape the smoke—and behaved

well, perhaps because Dick Allen, en route to driving in 17 runs in eight games, had already hit a three-run homer against Boston. The next day he batted in two more runs with a single and double as the White Sox clubbed the Red Sox 13-6 and moved into second. Surprising Texas was just a percentage point back. Manager Billy Martin held Alex Johnson out of a game, explaining that he needed "a little rest." The next day Johnson had a little fun: four hits and four RBIs, leading the Rangers to a 6-2 win over his teammates in Cleveland.

Early in the week Kansas City Manager Jack McKeon was complaining that players should be paid for teamwork rather than individual statistics. As if to prove his point, the Royals' best-paid player and top individual star, Amos Otis, made mental mistakes that contributed to two defeats, and the Royals fell to fourth. During California's dismal 1-5 week there was speculation that Manager Bobby Winkles would be replaced. Winkles and Frank Robinson weren't speaking and Winkles asserted that General Manager Harry Dalton had become "a middle-of-the-roader with me." Replied Dalton, "All I can say is that he's manager of the ball club right now."

Minnesota Manager Frank Quilici dropped Pitcher Bert Blyleven from the rotation after three poor performances in four starts, but five days later Blyleven was throwing against New York, and Quilici left him in the game despite his 100-plus pitches in five shaky innings. Blyleven responded by setting down the Yankees on some 40 pitches in the last four innings, retiring the final seven batters and winning 3-2.

OKA 31-24 CHI 38-34 TEX 38-27  
KC 38-27 CAL 35-31 MINN 22-32

**AL EAST** Having played 33 of their first 48 games on the road, the Tigers began a 12-game home stand next to last in team batting, last in runs scored and last in the American League East. Wisely, they conserved what potency was left in their bats, getting just seven hits in a doubleheader with Oakland yet earning a split. Then they dropped a 9-1 game to the A's, but subsequently defeated California 5-4 and 5-2, the Tigers' first five-run games in two weeks. Switching Catcher Bill Freehan to first and putting Jerry Morales behind the plate seemed sound moves by Manager Ralph Houk, and Mickey Lolich completed his seventh straight game. With 19 strikeouts in two games, Fat Mickey increased his lifetime total to 2,412 and moved into 10th place on the all-time list.

In Baltimore, Catcher Earl Williams and Pitcher Ross Grimsley, important acquisitions in the last two seasons, were off form—Williams again quarreling with Manager Earl Weaver—and sore-armed Jim Palmer

lost his seventh straight game. Still, the Orioles took four of six as other Birds chipped in. Mike Cuellar won his seventh 16-4 over Texas, while Bobby Grich belabored the Rangers' Ferguson Jenkins, hitting two doubles, a homer and a sacrifice fly.

Milwaukee was still dreaming of a pennant, its players debating what would make one possible. Slugger George Scott thought the club needed a good left-handed reliever. A good right-hander, Tom Murphy, thought he and Ed Rodriguez were doing just fine. Former starter Jim Colborn scored a point for the right wing, with his, by pitching 5½ innings of relief to beat Oakland 6-4.

Boston led the league despite a dearth of starting pitchers. That's right, Boston. The Red Sox began the season with a cast of thousands fighting for positions in the rotation. Last week only Bill Lee and Luis Tiant were cause for happy hubbub. Reggie Cleveland, who had thrown 13 gopher balls in 70 innings, had a 6.30 ERA, Dick Drago was struggling, too, and Rick Wise and Juan Marchal were still recovering from injuries. Cleveland had Gaylord Perry and those sad-sy fans (page 10)—and an epidemic of aches. Moreover, Pitchers Steve Kline and Fritz Peterson looked sore-armed.

SDS 29-28 MIL 38-23 BAL 32-27  
CLEV 26-27 DET 28-27 NY 27-30

**NL WEST** With Shortstop Chris Speier and Second Baseman Tito Fuentes benched (for poor hitting and an injury, respectively), the Giants had a double-play combination of Bruce Miller and Mike Phillips. Which did not bode well for June, always the toughest month in San Francisco. Swooning, the Giants were 3-4. "We are a peaceable club," said Outfielder Garry Maddox. "We fight other teams . . . but we're real friendly in the clubhouse. We play hard for each other. I don't understand why we don't win more." Maddox might check across the Bay.

Or down the San Andreas Fault, where the Dodgers seemed to be bidding for the atop Oakland A's South. In a rare loss—7-6 to the Cubs—Third Baseman Ron Cey and Catcher Joe Ferguson publicly argued over who should have caught a foul ball that neither did. And Outfielder Don Aushua asked to be traded. So naturally the Dodgers ran off four straight wins. Their most impressive streak belonged to Steve Yeager, who had caught 28 straight wins before the Dodgers were beaten again by the Cubs. Yeager's fine play has moved Ferguson to right field.

Cincinnati matched Los Angeles, but Manager Sparky Anderson may have blown a chance to gain when he let Oase Concepcion swing on a 3-0 count with two out in the ninth, a man on third, the Reds trailing the Mets 4-3 and Johnny Bench on deck. Concepcion popped out. The Braves, who

continued

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have been on a tear of their own (17-7 since May 12), kept pace with the leaders. Henry Aaron's grand slam beat Philadelphia and gave him more home runs than Babe Ruth. Total homers, that is. With World Series, playoff and All-Star games thrown in, Aaron now has 731. Pitcher Buzz Capra (5-2) tacked off 25 straight scoreless innings after becoming an Atlanta starter on May 19. He has the major's best ERA, 1.17.

Houston introduced the "foamer" in an attempt to increase lagging home attendance. If an Astro homers when the scoreboard clock shows an even number—for example, 10-12—everyone gets free beer through the eighth inning. Lee May hit two timely homers, but the Astros still lost three of five. Having been defeated often because of few hits, the Padres lost a game in which they got 17. San Diego won four one-run games and led the league with a 13-4 record in that department. In games decided by bigger margins they are 9-35.

LA 44-16 CIN 31-22 ATL 30-28  
HOUS 39-28 SF 30-29 SD 22-30

**NL EAST** Philadelphia, 4-2, had the division's only winning record for the week, but slugger Greg Luzinski was grounded for at least 10 weeks by knee surgery. Impressively aloft, the Cardinals' Lou Brock winged his stolen-base total to 38 in 53 games, a record pace. St. Louis traded one shortstop, Luis Abarado, to Cleveland for another, Jack Heademann, and encochanted using an outfielder, Luis Melendez, at the position in place of the slumping, hobbled incumbent, Mike Tyson. *The Bar and Broom of Tony Serra* was published too soon. When he wasn't on TV saying how "trilled" he was to manage the National League All-Stars, he added this to American folklore. "You're not out of it until you're out of it." His Mets, 2-3, weren't into it with much pizzazz.

Montreal was shut out twice by Atlanta's Capra and once by Houston's Larry Dierker. Of his Expo letters, Manager Gene Mauch said, "They all have their norms. And they are going to have a lot of fun getting back to their norms." Chicago Reliever Jim Krehmel pitched five innings of one-run ball in Wichita against the Cubs' farm club, then waxed old—with no forewarning—to say there. "I've been in baseball a long time," said a veteran, "but I've never seen it done that way. The least they could have done was give the kid a day's notice." Until Dock Ellis beat the Giants 5-2 on Saturday, the Pirates were winless for the week. "Give me a ground-level room," Manager Danny Murtaugh told a hotel clerk. "In case I jump, I don't want to have far to drop."

PHIL 30-25 ST. L. 21-26 MONT 22-24  
NY 23-31 CHH 21-28 PITT 19-32

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## The game plan is to avoid getting waffle-faced

Don't be embarrassed, there are a lot of people who have never heard of racquetball. Here it is in all its glory at the world championships

Racquetball is not to be confused with tennis, squash, badminton, handball, paddleball, paddle tennis, court tennis, platform tennis, shuffleboard, quonits or kick-the-can.

While it is not the sport of kings, it is not exactly a run-of-the-mill hoodlum pastime. The game requires strength, stamina, agility, quickness, brains, guts and a pain threshold seldom here in the vicinity of George Chivalo's.

Racquetball players wear T-shirts and headbands, and little red welts on their legs where the hard, hollow rubber ball has gone whistling into their skin. The welts go away after a few hours, or years, depending on when the racquetball player elects to discontinue crawling his way to oblivion.

FANS UNDER GLASS WATCH SCHMIDTKE



"The neat thing about racquetball players," says a girl wearing a *1st ANN DELANEY* name tag, "is that they wipe the floor with their towel and then they wipe their face."

The speaker is a racquetball player herself, so this may be taken as a tribute. At the time Ann Delaney was standing in George Brown's handball and racquetball palladium hard by Filippi's Fine Italian Food and Rocco's tavern and grill in San Diego, where the International Racquetball Association championships were under way last week.

Though the IRA tournament had nowhere near the allure of some of the sport's other spectacular events—namely, the St. Louis Chanukkah Festival of Fights, the Fifth Air Force-Kanto Plains Classic in Tadchikawa, Japan, or the Quicke Outhouse Open, sponsored by Art Redford's septic tank service in Tacoma—it did include competition in seven different classes. They did involve the best players in the world. And they were, as Luther J. Bernstein, the proprietor of Josey Skateland in Farmers Branch, Texas, said in viceroyan twang, "For aawwwlllll the marbles."

Having succeeded in the first round, Bernstein, who identified himself as a former national champion in the field of speed skating on roller skates and who was fondly referred to by his fellow competitors as "Fruit Fly," did win some of the marbles in the consolation bracket. It was left for the game's famous names to vie for the rest.

They included the two-time defending champion in the open division, Charlie Brumfield, a bearded, bespectacled, silver-tongued San Diego attorney whose belief it was that nobody would beat him "unless they pulled down my pants"; Steve Serot, the 18-year-old wonder boy

of the game playing for, as he said, "all left-handed Jews everywhere"; blond and beautiful Steve Keeley, a lapsed veterinarian who lives alternately in a garage with tie-dyed sheets for walls and in a van with "worse freaked-out grubs than me, by far"; and, finally, the women's teleholder, Peggy Steding, who is attempting to bring back monogrammed shirts and the Falsan haircut.

These contestants were accompanied in San Diego by doctors, lawyers, wall-paperers, wrestlers, YMCA guys, a former pro football player, an organizer of Synanon, a graduate of West Point, *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.'s* stuntman, Elvis Presley's doctor and a young fellow with buzzards on his shirt, which were depicted as saying, in unison, "Patience, my funny. I want to kill something."

Any sport that attracts a contingent of this ilk must have something jocosely wonderful about it. Racquetball does.

The game is played on a handball court (enclosed, 40 feet long by 20 by 20) with basic handball rules and scoring. The ball is slightly larger and softer than a handball, and the players hit it with a stringed racket about 18 inches in length. This saves wear and tear on the palms at the expense of the face, which is sometimes struck flush by an opponent's racket—accidentally, of course. To be battered this way is to be "waffle-faced."

Since being invented by a Connecticut man in the early 1950s, racquetball has enjoyed enormous growth, especially in the last five years when, the IRA estimates, sales of balls increased 15-fold and the racquetball-playing public expanded to half a million.

Many have converted from handball and paddleball, and several have come straight to it from the kitchen. The game is the easiest of all racket sports to pick up quickly; women flock to it in droves.

The best of these is the tiny bundle of energy named Peggy Steding, who came out of Odessa, Texas a year ago at the age of 37 to startle the racquetball world. The sport's talent pickers had always been in San Diego, St. Louis, Memphis and Minneapolis, and two college girls, Jan Campbell and Jan Pasternak, were recognized as the best. But Steding upset them both at the championships and walked away with the tournament.

During the past year she has traveled the land, giving clinics and playing tour-

*continued*



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**haverhills**

## RACQUETBALL

naments, beating and embarrassing men as well as women. Chauvinists among the former say Sieding looks like "the substitute waitress at a truck stop." Against the latter she has never lost a match.

Other competitors marvel at Steding's speed and endurance. After being taken apart by her explosive serves in the semifinals last week, even Jan Campbell admitted the obvious. "Not only does she kill us, she doesn't even sweat. I tried to aim for her stomach, but I was so nervous. The humiliating thing is she's old enough to be my mother."

Sieding, who was stung by the press favoring a local girl with color pictures, seemed resigned after her 21-10, 21-13 victory. "I can't piddle around," she said. "These girls are settin' down there around 20 years old. I wish I could go back to 30."

On the men's side, the tournament was more wide open. Defending champion Brumfield, though only 26, has dominated the sport for several years with a controlled passing-shot style (in contrast to the bold, flailing, shooting game practiced by most of the leading players) combined with unique gamesmanship. He has been known to intimidate opponents and referees with rackets, balls, words, gestures and interminable delaying routines when he needs rest.

In the past his behavior has served Brumfield well against racquetball's most talented shooter and drier, the infant Serot, who had lost 10 straight times to the champion even while sweeping the floor with everyone else. Brumfield was picked to win the title again, if only because of such psychic powers.

In the semifinals, however, Brumfield did not have enough tricks or shots for 32-year-old Bill Schmidtke of Minnesota, a former international champion himself who is a shooter and comeback artist of repute. Killing and passing with abandon, Schmidtke ran through Brumfield in their opening game 21-10, only to lose a thrilling second, 21-20, in which the serve changed hands six times on match point. Midway through the final game, however, Schmidtke took command again, and Brumfield could not come back. After his championship was lost, 21-18, Brumfield spouted philosophically, "It's tough to go for it all with the world against you."

Meanwhile Scot, a native of St. Louis who recently moved to San Diego and

whose left arm is embellished with a grotesque muscle from his constant flailing, drilled his way into the semis, where he met Keeley. While Scot resembles something others, oddly, with his berserk diving and manic rages, the muscular Keeley is racquetball's Mr. Polite. Though he has not exactly over-used his veteranian degree, having "sprayed a cat once," Keeley has found time to collect people-type strays (including an Italian friend known as a "mini-boppe" who, Keeley says with a straight face, "missed the caboose on the gravy train of life") and several racquetball titles, including the Second Duffy Open in Tacoma

However, Keely is said to have problems in the big tournaments. Something about his throat. Sure enough, though he edged Scot in the first game by a point, the younger player came from behind in the second to tie the match, 1 bet, screaming at himself, "Shoot it, you dog" like a madman. Scot destroyed Keely 21-4 to earn the final.

On Sunday it was the classic confrontation of youth vs. age, with Schmidt given little chance against the onslaughts of Serot, but the former YMCA director, of whom his friends say, "He has never let success go to his clothes," came out shooting and surprised the youngsters, 21-16, in the first game.

Then Serot settled down. The gangly left-hander, who, Schmutzke noted, has "splinters on his chest where the hair should be" from throwing himself on the floor so often, whipped through the second game with the loss of only eight pomes, and in the third began another rush that seemed certain to take the steam out of his older adversary.

But Schmidtke rallied to 13-all and, as they walked back to take positions, stumbled to Serot. "Now it gets crucial, kid." Right then the youngster must have recalled all those entiches in which Brumfield had psyched him so easily. He skipped a few balls, lost confidence, stopped shooting altogether and was done. Relentlessly, Schmidtke pulled away, 15 13, 18 13 and finally 21 13, game, match and championship.

Afterward Schmidke waved his racket and a pointer's hat and said he would most likely "get me a case of Coors and pass out." He might have shared some with Peggy Steding, who beat Jan Pasternak 21-8, 21-6 for the women's title in what racquetball players call "a routine crush."

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He was a heavyweight fighter of rare, seemingly fantastic, talents. Even his name had certain stature: Sol (Bagel Boy) Nazerman. He began his bizarre career in small towns that had never dotted a map, little places like Mingo Junction, Ohio, and Pumpkintown, S.C., and nobody stood up to him for long. Certainly not Sweet Papa Finney, who fell in one round at Greenup, Ky.; not Wild Man Asher, Bagel Boy's 20th consecutive knockout victim, who was done in 13 weeks and 15 fights later. In fact, Wild Man Asher's own manager, Sam (The Knife) Rubin, admitted, "Nazerman is the hardest puncher I have seen in 30 years of boxing."

Bagel Boy was 26 at the time, and a sketch in Detroit's tabloid *American Boxing News* showed him to be strikingly handsome, with thick dark hair, sideburns and a pencil mustache, posed with a Star of David on his boxing trunks. Some promoters were intrigued: a handsome, talented, white Jewish heavyweight? Even more controversy trailed Bagel Boy. On March 10, 1972 he knocked out Billie Young in one round at Irondelquott, N.Y., and the *American Boxing News*, whose editor, Elliott Harvith, had discovered Nazerman and given him his nickname, announced an account of the bout. That part seemed particularly fitting since the *News*—and only the *News*—had followed all Bagel Boy's fights from the start. But then the New York State Athletic Commission took exception.

Commissioner Edwin Dooley wrote Editor Harvith that Nazerman had never applied for a New York State license, and he hinted that this may have been the reason there was no record of the fight. Soon others began to ask, "Who has Nazerman fought, anyway?" Harvith, whose growing success in publishing was not exactly unrelated to the rise of Bagel Boy, was concerned.

On the night of May 18, 1972 Bagel Boy knocked out seven men in seven rounds, bringing his total up to 40. There were four more quick knockouts in the weeks following, and then came the dreadful night of June 29, 1972. The world took no notice of Bagel Boy's activities that evening, but Harvith described them fully in his August issue. A front-page headline read, *WASTED MONEY*. The name of his last opponent—

## Guardian of the garbage

**Figuring that the best defense is to be offensive, the publisher pans everybody in his own eccentric crusade to protect the fight game**

a Mack truck—somehow sounded like all the others. Nazerman had been driving his Volkswagen when the collision occurred, the story said. Harvith wrote: "Truly a waste and a sad end to the man who could whip any man in the world and was an easy cinch to defeat Joe Frazer in a few months for the world's title." He concluded: "As an everlasting tribute, a giant bagel with the number 44 inscribed on it will be placed on Sol's grave."

It is a giant bagel that no one will ever see.

The lead story in that August issue of *American Boxing News* was an obituary on Nat Fleischer, publisher-editor of *The Ring* magazine who had died at the age of 84, and Harvith wrote of him, "...no one ever served the game more honorably or gave as much to the game as he did. . . ." The rest of the first page, two more stories, dealt with what Harvith calls "garbage," his favorite word, or in this case a category of it, "stiffs."

One of the stories spoke of "five setups" on an East Coast fight card, boxers who left the ring with a combined record of 2-44-5, and of them Harvith wrote, "The promoter should have had at least the courtesy [in] to supply the auditorium with roughly 274 cans of Ban."

For the *News* that was pure Emily Post; it was a surprisingly tame issue. An obituary for a man who died had actually taken precedence over one for a man who had never lived. This came about despite a firm Harvith rule: "To make the top of the front page it's gotta be so rude, obnoxious and disgusting that even I can't stand it."

There were none of the usual *News* editorial asides about itself, such as, "ABN . . . is excellent for wrapping fish, lining bird cages, and training puppies, and is on sale wherever garbage is sold." There were no typical fan letters: "Cancel my subscription. Your paper stinks." The boxing commissioner of one large Mid-

western state was not called "a drunken red-nosed lush," or "a comical buffoon," as he is in most issues. A well-known promoter, famous for his mismatches, was not called his usual "Mr. Garbage," and a publicity man for once was not referred to as "a fight-fiver, an ex-con, a writer disrespected by even his peers, a homosexual, a complete phony, a liar and a crook."

Elliott Harvith's stories are not the sort excerpted in journalism textbooks. In his pages Detroit fighters are "localities," aggressive fighters are always "crowd pleasing." Misspellings are the rule. Comas and periods are strewn about the *News* pages as if the typesetter had spilled them. Most of the cartoon drawings are "stolen," as Harvith puts it.

continued



HARVITH: HAPPILY GATHERING ENEMIES

# When one man's floor is another man's ceiling, you better be careful about tearing up the floor.



Our construction specialist was checking the plans of a policyholder's road building job in West Virginia when he saw something that bothered him. There were three coal mines that either passed beneath or adjoined the roadway. However, since the mines were all well below grade level, no problems were apparent at first. In fact, our policyholder, the Frank Mashuda Co., Inc., Evans City, Pennsylvania, had already begun construction work.

But it's an insurance company's responsibility to look beyond the obvious. It's a job for experts. And we had the right expert on the right job.

The Employers man not only knew the construction business, he knew coal mines. And he was worried about damage to the mines from blasting, and the vibrations caused by heavy equipment.

Work was halted. Our man and the project

engineer hiked the area. And together they went down into the mines. The mine operators said if their underground haulways were collapsed by overhead construction, the loss could exceed 70 million dollars. That's when we called in independent mining engineers and blasting experts. They advised extensive precautions.

Next we had a meeting with state authorities and they okayed the extra work needed to protect the mines. Done. And in the end, everyone gained. The mines, now reinforced, are in better shape than before. West Virginia has a handsome new stretch of Interstate 79. We have a happy policyholder because he was able to do a good job while protecting himself against serious loss.

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from *Mad* magazine. And the *News* business cards read ALL THE GARBAGE THAT'S FIT TO PRINT.

Still, while all this is true of the *American Boxing News*, its pages also carry a strong burden of righteousness, a genuine revulsion for, as Harvith puts it, "the garbage of boxing." For stiffs and for those fighters who build reputations by mowing them down, for phony won-lost records, for those who cheat fighters and treat them badly, and for mismatches and those who promote them.

"The fighters cheat, the managers cheat and the promoters cheat," Harvith says, "and I don't feel you can help the situation by showing this stuff under the rug. I always knock the fight game, but I wouldn't trade it for any other business in the world."

Harvith is cultivating a persona. "What should the editor's new nickname be?" asks a current ABN reader poll. "The King of Garbage? El Jerko? Captain Garbage? Or El Creepo?" He favors the latter two, but in conversation he usually refers to himself as The ABN editor. "The ABN editor eats three steaks for breakfast," he may say, or, "Look, the ABN editor is dressed in rags"—and both are true. His appetite is endless; he weighs 260 pounds by his own estimate. It may be 400 by now, but Harvith has never gone down to a truck stop to weigh himself. And since clothes are not cut to fit 6'4" haystacks, or men built like them, Harvith's shirts do not button at the wrists, and the sleeves flap loosely. The shirttail hangs over his wrinkled chino pants, which are ripped and frayed at the cuffs. Harvith's jacket is the source of another nickname—*The Coat*, a familiar byline in the *News*. The sleeves dangle from a very few threads and the pockets are almost ripped off. "It's a coat a bum would wear," Harvith says.

But this costume, and Harvith's general financial condition, may be worth a fortune in a negative kind of way. Says one of his editorial targets when asked why he doesn't sue for libel, "You don't get blood from a turnip, do you? If you've ever seen the guy, you know he doesn't have a cent." The libel potential stirs up a lot of folks blasted in the *News*, but as another victim says, "I was thinking of suing that fat bum, but my lawyer said it would cost me about five thousand and he felt sure that I wouldn't get two dimes out of it."

Harvith, who is 29, lives in Detroit's Shelby Hotel, "in two suites," and the *News* office is seven miles away, downtown, in a factory owned by his 27-year-old brother, Alan. The editor pays no office rent. He is driven to work each day by taxi and it is a good thing. Harvith has never had a driver's license and he can barely find his way across the street alone; he appears to be semiconscious when it comes to anything other than boxing. On a recent morning a visitor picked him up, and with Harvith providing the directions it took 2½ hours to drive to the office. Harvith lives reasonably close to his parents' home and later he and the visitor found it—by pure chance, it seemed.

Harvith raided the refrigerator and then showed off his impressive collection of boxing memorabilia—books, buttons and newspaper articles dating back to 1824. Boxing has been his only interest since his early teens. His parents—the elder Harvith is 56, a retired manufacturer—were away. "In Florida, I think," Harvith said, but later his brother told him, "No, Elliott, they're in Africa."

Harvith left high school in the middle of his junior year. That was 1963. He weighed about 280 then and had played, as he puts it, "a little football, a little baseball, nothing much." He hated school, he hated his teachers, and his teachers hated him. He left home about that time and got a job loading and unloading trucks, which he also hated, so he decided to become a fight manager. He also became an editor with the February 1971 publication of the ABN forerunner, the *Michigan Boxing News*—and gave up managing for journalism. Harvith says of his first paper, "It was even worse than the garbage I put out now." He had never written anything before. By issue No. 3 Harvith had his first villain—a promoter who, Harvith said, had 44 mismatches in his previous 65 bouts. In the following issues he kept a scoreboard on the man, labeling him as "The Garbage Man." In issue No. 7 Harvith wrote that the promoter had a new invention, "a ring that rises up . . . so the stiff doesn't have so far to fall." Harvith was rolling.

In May 1972 the *Michigan Boxing News* became the *American Boxing News*, and in that issue Harvith wrote of a bout back East in which one fighter, with a previous record of 4-24, was allowed to enter the ring drunk. In succeeding

months Harvith inaugurated a Garbage Fight of the Month and called a New England promoter "Super Garbage" for shortchanging fighters and for putting into main events one fighter with a record of 1-18, and two others who had been knocked out in 3 of 3 and 4 of 3 previous fights. Another story listed the 10 worst boxing commissions. "Some commissions are fine," he said, "but most are idiotic . . . though they have the power to sanction and reject all matches, they continually allow complete stiffs to junk up fight cards."

Recently Harvith named his fifth "Captain of the Stiffs," Mississippi's Muhammad Smith, who had been knocked out 10 times in 10 pro fights, lasting a total of 17 rounds. He also spent weeks researching a roster of the 98 leading contenders for Smith's crown, with their kayode-by percentages, and included 28 "minor league" stiffs, and 62 "bums," who are, as he put it, "fighters who do not get kayode often enough to be champion stiffs."

"I'm the most hated man in boxing," Harvith says, "and I admit it. But I don't publish the ABN for my readers. I don't give a damn for them. It's what I want to put in the paper. If I feel that someone is a drunken lush, well, then, I just write it."

The *News* does little straight reporting on the really big fights. "It would be a rehash," Harvith says. But he does give more U.S. fight results of less important matches than any other publication. On about the 10th of each month Harvith starts phoning around the country to reporters, commissioners and promoters he trusts. Recently he phoned Kelse McClure at the Indiana Boxing Commission. The secretary answered and Harvith said, "Tell him it's the King of Garbage. He'll know who it is."

"It's me, Kelse, the King," he finally said. "I tell you it's been slow out here, only two death threats all week. What am I doing wrong?"

Then Harvith called Roy Gill, a Buffalo promoter he likes, but whose shows he knocks anyway. "It's me," he said, "Captain Garbage, himself. You have any more garbage shows planned? No? I rooned ya last time? Roy, I'm very disappointed. You mean you're not gonna promote any more shows in the near future? You'll put me out of business."

"There's times," he said, hanging up, "I wished I was managing again." **END**

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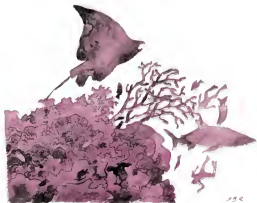
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Dive in the coral channel had been effortless and exhilarating, but reprieve at the swift, whirling current ended abruptly in a deep hole

## Down by the old maelstrom

**T**he Tuamotus, a chain of atolls 1,300 miles long in the South Pacific, are called the Dangerous Archipelago because of unpredictable currents, uncharted reefs and a low profile. But the hazards are not only for ships. Off the island of Takaroa the danger comes unexpectedly to a diver, and at the moment of greatest exhilaration.

Takaroa is about 13 miles long and four or five wide, its perimeter outlined by a series of long, palm-covered islands with shallow passes between them. There is only one major entry into the lagoon. Thus, although the rise and fall of the tide at Takaroa is not more than two feet, the flow of water in and out of the lagoon is so restricted that at times the water falls almost two feet in 500 yards. This rush of tons of water 150 feet wide and at least 10 feet deep does not detach directly from lagoon to sea. Coral thrives in moving water, so it tends to grow right up to the surface along the edge of the rushing stream, forming a kind of channel about half a mile long

from the deep water in the interior of the lagoon through the reef to the deep water of the ocean. The pass is at its shallowest and the flow of water fastest inside the lagoon, where the long coral channel begins.

The first time local pearl fishermen took us into the lagoon we saw the whirlpools and rapids. At the extreme end of the coral channel the water flowed through so fast we could hardly gain against it with our inflatable Avon and the 20-hp engine wide open. Standing waves buffeted the boat. We began talking then of the fun it would be to swim through the pass when the tide was running full force. We asked the fishermen if they ever swim it. "Never," they said. "Too dangerous." They spoke of an undertow and said one man was killed swimming in the pass.

Still, it did not look all that dangerous, and the four members of the teenage sailing crew on our schooner *Four Winds* were looking for action, so they decided to dive it anyway. At 47 I was

not all that eager for a ride of passage. I had come along on the voyage to film the sailing crew doing that kind of thing, but the only way to film divers is to dive. I would assist Chuck Bungert, the underwater cameraman.

The boys decided that one of them would operate the Avon and follow the swimmers through the pass. If there were trouble, he would be there to assist. The natives' idea of an undertow did not make much sense, but Trev and Steve, who it was decided would be the first to try, agreed to wear inflatable life vests.

On the first ride through, the boys swam on the surface, were caught in the whirlpool, but had no trouble in swimming out. The undertow seemed a myth.

Johnny, in the Avon, picked them up and took us all upstream again. Dan, Chuck and I joined Trev and Steve for the second dive. We dropped in 100 yards above the neck of the channel. At that point the channel was only 20 feet deep. Schools of fish, attracted by the rush of food in the water, whirled around us. As we neared the neck of the channel the coral bottom rushed toward us, covered now almost uniformly with a low, yellow coral that thrives in the maelstrom. The sense of speed was overwhelming. Although the water was rushing us past the coral, we had the sensation of flying. Coral heads appeared, then swept by like phantoms as we flew with arms outstretched. The waters rushed faster, and the feeling of being in space became stronger. It mattered not in what position we found ourselves—frontward, backward, spread-eagled—above the coral bottom. There was no sense of the water moving; rather it was more the awareness of being a tiny speck in space as a revolving planet approached out of the dark of the stars.

Then, suddenly, the bottom dropped away, completely out of sight. Three sharks rushed out of the hole to check us; a manta ray, holding his own against the current, appeared and roared by like a spaceship. Clear water, but much too deep for us to see the bottom.

Now we were near the channel side where fingers of coral reached it to the current and fragments showed

continued

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## ADVENTURE *continued*

how the rush of waters could decimate the growths. Myriad fish darted among the branches. "I wanted to stop and watch, to look for hours," Dan would say later, "only I couldn't stop. You'd go tearing by a coral outcropping and latch on, and usually it broke. I saw Steve grab a rock, and Trev grabbed onto the bangsack trailing behind him, flapping and waving like wash hung out to dry. With the gentlest touch of a flipper you could weave and glide across the rock face and down the wall, pecking here and there and sitting down forever as the current did all the work." As the flow reached the ocean John came in the Asen to pick us up. All of us wanted to do it again. This time Dan, at 17 the youngest

*This excerpt is from "Coral Lovers," to be published shortly by Little, Brown.*

and smallest of the crew, and I agreed to dive deeper—the "buddy system" giving us both confidence and leading us to push farther than we would have gone by ourselves.

Again the rush over the coral reef, but now, just as we saw the black hole ahead, we both surfaced and grabbed a last big breath. Then down to the bottom. We went side by side just over the coral. I checked Dan with a glance and got back a dizzy, happy smile. We saw the hole coming. As the bottom dropped away, we went down with it, like skiers floating from a shallow incline over a lip and down a precipice. We were out of our minds, happy idiots. We were plunging down, down with the current, at maybe six knots, as though we would never think of breathing again. A manta appeared in the dark, then two small sharks. A large, 30-pound fish called a wrasse plunged down the slope before us; it seemed to beckon. Down!

Down! My ears hurt, and I swallowed to relieve the pressure. Down! At last my mind reacted to the danger. I looked up. The waves were far away, the light dim. I took a few kicks upward. I was going deeper. The surface waves were farther away. I kicked harder. Still the waves receded. I looked for Dan. He was already 10 feet below me, still bravely riding the current down. Did I have the breath to go farther, warn him and then make the surface? I hesitated. It was the hesitation of a coward and of a survivor.

*continued*

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av. per cigarette, FTC Report Sept. '90

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## ADVENTURE continued

Now Dan looked up, started up, too, but slowly, unhurried. I pumped upward as hard as I could. The rationale that my mind accepted was that I would surface, grab more air and come back to help him if he were in trouble. He had that inflatable life vest . . . if he remembered to use it. If he remembered.

I was kicking toward the surface, had been kicking for some time and not gaining, and I was scared. Perhaps I am too old to panic. That is not an emotion a man allows himself except in dreams, where he learns that to panic is to lose, and lose badly, since a panicky death would be the worst death of all. But this was serious. No recapitulation of my life passed before my eyes, no big thoughts, just the dread certainty that in a minute or less I must make that glittering ruffled mirror of air or I would die. And just as suddenly, the down current relieved us. We had, in fact, crossed the deep current-scooped hole, crossed under the whirlpools, and were being thrust up toward the surface-level coral beyond. Now I understood how the native had died. With a confidence bred of pearl diving, he never suspected that he might not be able to make the surface. He dallied, he may have plunged deeper to spear a fish. Thus he was not pushed across the hole as we were. At last, fish in hand, he started up. Then he learned his mistake. The current flowed down faster than he could rise. The breath in his mouth hiccupped back and forth as his lungs fought for air. His spear and fish represented food, a livelihood, but probably he dropped them as his vision darkened. Eyes blucked out, he swam upward till he fainted and his lungs, gratefully released from control, sucked beyond his open mouth for life.

A moment later, I hit the surface, burst out waist high and grabbed at that air.

Dan broke the surface beside me. We were both smoking.

"That was scary," I said.

He was calmer than I.

"Would you have remembered your life vest if the current continued to push us down?" I asked.

"I'm not sure," he said.

"That's the kind of thing you have to think about in advance," I said. "Think about it ahead of time so that another time you will remember it." I could be free with good advice.

END



**"New York socked in?  
Boston socked in?  
D.C. socked in?"**

**Launch another  
Cutty."**

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# 'EVERYONE IS HELPLESS AND IN AWE'

*That, says Reggie Jackson, is the impression that suffuses him after one of his majestic drives, and it is becoming commonplace as the Oakland shagger races on to a higher stardom, unfettered in life as he is at the plate*

**by ROY BLOUNT JR.**

"Perfect speed, my son, is being there."

—Jonathan Livingston Seagull

The nearly empty clubhouse of the world champion Oakland A's looks like the men's room of an old, disreputable movie theater, except that Reginald Martinez Jackson, a superstar advancing toward superduperstar status, is naked in it, taking his naturally beautiful left-handed stance and swinging a 35-inch, 37-ounce flame-treated bat, intensely, reflectively. Whapp. Whapp. Even though he is cutting through thin air he seems to be making good contact. Last year, after seven

big-league seasons of ups, downs, moping and controversy, he was the American League's home-run leader, RBI leader and Most Valuable Player. This year he might win the Triple Crown, and he has already—nobody else could have—one-upped Henry Aaron's 715th and subsequent home runs.

Whapp. "My strongest point is my strength," he says. "Shoulders to fingertips." Indeed, he has 17-inch biceps, as Sonny Liston had, and he is one of the

*continued*



top raw-power men in the league, along with Chicago's Dick Allen and Detroit's Willie Horton (who once broke a bat in two by abruptly checking his swing). But mighty isn't all he is.

By birth Afro-Latin-American, by faith an Arizona Methodist, Jackson is a man who grew up in a Jewish neighborhood outside Philadelphia, roomed in the majors with a WASP named Chuck, currently pals around with two Portuguese motor sportsmen—one weighing 250 pounds, the other 305—wears around his neck a string of wampum beads and a gold crucifix he bought from

arthritis, near-sightedness and astigmatism, there is only one thing wrong with him.

"Feel that," Jackson says, indicating the back of his right thigh, which is as big around as a good-sized woman's waist. Though unflexed, it feels like an only slightly deflated football. "Hard, isn't it?" he says. His thighs are overdeveloped. That is why he is prone to pull a hamstring when he turns on his 9.6-in-the-100 speed. This day in Oakland he is out of the lineup and nearly alone in the dressing room because of such a pull, rashly incurred. But he is keeping

A reporter asked Jackson, who is 28, what he thought of his chances of breaking Aaron's lifetime home-run record. Jackson replied, "No way. They couldn't afford to pay me to play that long."

Now that was a partly humorous remark. Please do not consider it over-proud, because Reggie is loath to come on as a braggart. He even feels dubious about all the bare-chested pictures of himself that have been appearing lately. "My peers may not like it," he says. "And I am one of my peers."

To be sure, White Sox pitcher Stan Bahnsen says of Jackson, "He's a helluva ballplayer, but I'm not one of his fans. I don't like him. I think he's a prima donna. That whole team seems to think they're spokesmen for the game." And the aforementioned Allen, whose own thighs are lean and flowing, the way he likes a racehorse's to be, says, "I look in the record book and I see Reggie has never hit .300. And I wonder how he can do all that talking." But other players commend him roundly. He is established. Whatever his flaws and rough edges, Jackson has put together a package of power, speed, science, flash, funk, outspoken quotability, popularity, fun-lovingness, social and economic independence, responsibility, diversification and winningness that is unique among ballplayers. And Reggie knows and loves it. *Whapp.*



*Jackson often stops for breakfast with Lois, whom he calls Mom, at her chops-and-grits place.*

a Cuban pitcher and is built like a Greek god. On paper he is a millionaire in land development.

*Whapp.* Facially, thanks in part to his mustache, beard and fullish Afro, he resembles the charismatic civil-rights leader Jesse Jackson, with overtones of sprightly pop-off Pirate Pitcher Dock Ellis. He has the eagerly concerned, unsettled, open-eyed look of a man who will never be cynical, boring or fully aware (or unaware) of how he affects people. He is a half inch over six feet tall and weighs 207 pounds, and aside from an

in touch with his stroke. *Whapp. Whapp.*

"Richie Allen told me once, 'Don't speak with this [he points to his mouth], speak with this.' " With a flowing gesture he indicates his body, and the bat. "Through this [he holds the bat up like a torch] you can speak to the world."

But even though Jackson may be on his way to one of the best years anybody ever had with a bat—after two months of the season he is hitting close to .400 with 42 RBIs and a league-leading 15 home runs—it was orally that he faded the man who recently passed Babe Ruth.

Now, as the rest of the team grapples on the field with the Kansas City Royals, Jackson is in the whirlpool, discussing his assets. "I've got seven people I can call my friends. That makes me an awful rich man. People who would hurt themselves to help me." One of these is Gary Walker, an intense white 35-year-old who tried to sell Jackson a \$10,000 life-insurance policy nine years ago when Reggie was at Arizona State College. "I turned him down, I stood him up," Jackson says. "But he kept after me. And now my life's insured for one million eight!" When Jackson signed on with the A's for an \$85,000 bonus and began making contacts among professional athletes, he and Walker formed the Tempe, Arizona-based United Development, Inc., which puts together syndicates of investors to speculate in land.

"He was making \$5,000, \$6,000 a year then," says Jackson, "and our office was

in his extra bedroom. Now he's making over \$100,000 a year, and we've got an office that costs \$2,900 a month. He's my best friend in the world." Reggie lends his fame to the business and also rounds up investors—some 300 athletes so far, including a number of the pitchers he faces.

Not only has United Development achieved its goal of "proving that black and white could equal green," it is trying to hasten the greening of America, or at least of Arizona. The company's 61-employee office features a piano for impromptu community sings, an art gallery complete with resident artist, a crafts room and encounter-group sessions in which Jackson takes an active part during the off-season. There will be company plays, too, in which Reggie will probably act, and United is setting up two homes for delinquent boys and even plans to found a college—"an alternative to the four-year rip-off most of us went to without learning anything," in Walker's words. When UCLA's Bill Walton was looking for a relevant pro basketball team, United Development went to him with a proposal that would have built around him a new ABA franchise with, among other things, subsidized seating for poor fans, freedom for all players to sign with other teams after a year and a woman psychological coordinator who would have set up programs on the road so that players could, says Walker, "go to the ghettos and work with kids instead of trying to see how many broads they could chase and how much trash they could smoke." For signing, Walton would have received such bonuses as a 10-speed bicycle, a mountain house (provided he designed and built it himself with the help of experts and boys from the homes for delinquents) and a \$1 million loan (on condition that he spend 20 hours a month working with the delinquent boys). "I think it freaked Walton out," Walker says.

Jackson has not been freaked out by anything in the last couple of years. Other friends he cites are the bulky Portuguese brothers, Wayne and Tony Del Rio, at whose garage in San Leandro he works on the four show and racing cars he owns. After Jackson received a death threat involving a "voodoo curse" during last year's World Series, Tony Del Rio served as his bodyguard.

"How did the death threat make you feel?"

"Like a star," Jackson says with a sort of radiance from the whirlpool, but quickly his expression becomes more discreet. "Naw," he says. "It scared me." But not enough to deter him from driving in six runs, making superb catches in right field and being named MVP.

"A lousy MVP," said A's Owner Charles Finley, speaking of Jackson's regular-season honor, when contract arbitration time came around. "They had to give it to somebody." Finley is an innovative businessman himself, but not in

Dick Williams, Jackson criticized him for being too critical of players. This year it is Alvin Dark, and the A's criticize him for not being critical enough. Dark takes stoically the kind of interference and abuse Finley has always handed out to his managers. One night recently after a loss, Finley went into Dark's office and chewed him out loudly enough for everyone in the dressing room to hear. "If you'd lose 25 pounds off that fat [expletive] of yours, you could think better" was one of the things Finley yelled at Dark.

This is the way Jackson is currently

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED RAPLAN



In the shop of his Portuguese motor sports pals, Jackson airblasts a '60 Chevy due for a paint job.

the spirit of United Development. The people of Oakland come out in very small numbers to see the A's, and accordingly Finley has made economies: getting rid of the bullgirls (one of whom Jackson was dating), ceasing to furnish stamps for the players' answers to fan mail, keeping the clubhouse seedy and fighting as hard as ever to hold down salaries. He is the only owner in baseball whose leading players—with Jackson in the forefront—regularly denounce him for quotation. The A's don't mind faulting their manager, either. Last year, when it was

managed: Dark crosses his path in the dressing room, wordlessly pats him on the behind and goes on by. Jackson shrugs. After being lifted from a game when he was still going strong, left-hander Ken Holtzman told Ron Bergman of the *Oakland Tribune*, the only reporter who travels with the team, "Dark is [expletive] and so is Finley, and pratt that."

"Finley is so cold-blooded," Jackson says, "he ought to make antifreeze commercials. But actually he's very sensitive. When the players voice their opinions about him he is really hurt. If he would

continued

just quit thinking that people are trying to take advantage of him. He wants to be the dominating party."

So does Jackson. The newly instituted arbitration procedure this past off-season gave him real financial leverage against Finley for the first time, and with such documentation as a telegram from California's Frank Robinson calling him the best player in the league he won a \$60,000 raise to his current \$135,000. That and his half interest in United Development add up to an annual haul of \$250,000.

So what was he doing in the whirlpool? Well, the score was 4-0 in the bottom of the 4th against the Twins the Saturday before Mother's Day, and Jackson was on second with none out. In that situation, according to all baseball wisdom and a consensus of his teammates, a power batter has no business risking injury by trying to steal. But Jackson was interested in doing what Bobby Bonds of the Giants had won acclaim for doing: hitting 30 home runs and stealing 30 bases in the same year. "I know one way to play," he says. "That's hard-ball. If I don't steal a base when I can, I'm short-changing myself, my family, my peers, the owner and the fans—and the man upstairs, God." So he lit out for third and about halfway there his right hamstring went *sprong*. "You know how a pulled hamstring feels?" He reaches out and digs deep into the back of the interviewer's leg with hard fingers, producing a sensation of grave fundamental insult, like a poker up the nose. The injury will cause Jackson to miss six games and consign him to designated hitting for 12 games after that. "I guess I'm going to have to cut down on running," he concedes.

His primary job, after all, is getting the big hit, and that is what thrills him most. When asked to explain what hitting feels like, he grimaces fiercely, clenches his fists and causes the whirlpool water to slosh dramatically as he searches for words. He finds plenty of them:

"Being in complete control. You have been the dominant force—not the ball, not the pitcher. You have taken over and lined it somewhere. Right on the sweet part of the bat. And you can look back and smile, 'cause you have done it. You have dominated. You have won for that particular moment."

And when you jump on a heater, or

fastball, and hit a long dinger, or home run, it is an overwhelming sensation. Jackson's two most famous drives are the ball he hit off the beer-bottle cap on a sign in right center field 517 feet from the plate in Minnesota and the one he hit off a light tower atop the right center field stands in the 1971 All-Star Game in Detroit. "I have never seen a ball jump off the bat like that one," says Royals veteran Cookie Rojas. "The guys in the dugout and everybody in the stands—it just brought us all to our feet. The ball hit that thing way up there and bounced back to the ground before he had time to leave the plate." When you hit a terrific shot, says Jackson, "all the baseball players come to rest at that moment and watch you. Everyone is helpless and in awe. You charge people up. And when you're a good hitter, you do that every day. You're the center of confidence. The man can hit, they say that. And you know it. You're a master. *Dealing*. The man who can do it is a dominating force when he walks out of the dugout. There's no feeling like that."

But Jackson wants to be more than an astounding batter. "I started thinking about playing ball when I found out who Willie Mays was," he says. "Guy who could beat you the most ways. He could go for 4 and beat you."

Jackson acknowledges that the A's call him Buck, which is what the Giants called Mays. "Yeah, Chuck Dobson gave me that name because he knew how much I admired Mays," he says. "I wouldn't . . . it wouldn't sound right coming from anybody but them." "Buck" from his teammates means a lot to him, but there are other, fancier tags he aims to earn.

"Star is a tarnished word. And superstar. . . I want to maintain some consistency of greatness. Win five world championships in a row. There are guys better than superstars."

Superduperstars?

"Yeah, Tom Seaver, Pete Rose, Frank Robinson, Henry Aaron, Jim Palmer. Pete Rose is a living morale. A living philosophy. These guys are living human definitions of the word *determination*. They walk on the field and you sense it. They buy an ice-cream cone and you sense it. They can go to a movie and stand out in the crowd with the lights out." Jackson wants to be such a complete ball-

player, so "you can feel guys looking at you when you pass their dugout."

He subsides into the vortical bath to read a collection of quotes about him from ballplayers around the league. Most of the comments are glowing, for example, "I'd pay to see him play"—Ralph Houk. There are what might be taken as criticisms, too.

"Jesus. Nolan Ryan says I could be better! If he ever plays up to his potential he's going to be something else." That's a compliment. Nolan Ryan throws harder than anybody since I B C. And he could be better. A little potential right back at you, Ryan! Jackson sloshes happily, thinking of being better.

The next evening he is still sidelined but that doesn't mean he is inactive. He has plenty to do in his capacity as the league's foremost fraternizer. Players caught talking to opponents on the field before a game are subject to a \$50 fine. Jackson disapproves of this rule and flouts it expansively.

"What's \$50 to a man like you?" he says to Kansas City slugger John Mayberry as the A's and Royals warm up.

"See where Texas pitched to you with first open," Mayberry says. This is a dig because dominating forces are supposed to be walked in such a situation. But then again it is not a dig, because there were two outs in the eighth, and the A's were behind 2-1, and what Jackson did, feeling challenged by such a lack of deference, was foul out seven of Steve Garvey's pitches until he got the one he wanted and then hit that one out of the park—"left the yard with it" is the current expression—for a game-winning three-run job. That is what you call bat control.

"Understand you're not hitting the deep ones anymore," says Mayberry, chortling. "Getting consistent and losing that good depth."

"Yeah," Jackson says. "I'm staying down around 400 feet. Here . . ." He hands Mayberry one of his own bats, a 288 R.J. "No, you better not swing that timber," he adds. "Might sprain your wrist."

Then he exchanges a few words with the fans. There are so few of them, he says, he almost feels he knows them all personally. "You enjoying that hot dog?" he asks one. "Where'd you get that watch?" he asks another. A boy in the

stands wants a ball. "No, son, I don't give anything away, except a hard time. Especially if you're 60 feet away with a ball in your hand." But the boy is six feet away without a ball in his hand, and he persists. "You're here every day," Jackson objects. "How many balls you got at home?"

"I ain't got no balls at home. I swear to God, Reggie, I sell every one of 'em before I leave the park." Unable to resist such candor, Jackson tosses the boy one of Finley's strictly rationed spheroids. "I was going to steal that one for myself," he grumbles.

Then he goes back to the dressing room, hits the whirlpool again and returns to watch the game in civilian clothes from a vantage along the walkway to the dugout, between the stands and the screen behind home plate. He yells at everybody—A's, Royals, umpires, fans who yell at him.

The A's are having trouble with Lindy McDaniel's forkball, and Jackson

keeps admonishing them to look for it: "He got to come in with that prich. And it's always the same speed. You got to wait for it." Jackson used to have trouble with off-speed pitching, but now he looks forward to facing junk-throwers like Wilbur Wood and Mike Cuellar. He is a guess hitter—"I call it calculated anticipation"—which means he goes up to the plate looking for a certain pitch (not a ball inside or outside, which is what Allen and other area guessers lay for, but a curve, say, or a fastball, anywhere) and waits until he gets it. If a two-strike pitch is not the one he is set up to rip he will just try to get his bat on it, either fouling it off, as against Hargan, or perhaps slapping it for a hit. He can generate such last-instant momentum that he may power a ball out by just flicking at it this way. "I've hit balls that I wonder how I hit them. Balls past me. It's strength."

"Hey, Nietzsche!" he yells to teammate Jesus Alou, or so it sounds. "Let's see something! Look for the forkball!"

What is this? Can Jesus Alou's nickname possibly be Nietzsche?

"No. I called him *Nichi*. It's Spanish for soul brother." Jackson has a half-Latin father and a full Chicano ex-wife, he holds the modern Puerto Rican home-run record and, what with one thing and another, he is the rare mainland U.S.-born player who can converse in down-home terms with peers who are Latin. He is also fluent in unvarnished soul talk ("With all the niggers on this team, how come this dressing room got no pack?" he will cry, demanding an Afro-comb) and most of his best friends are white. But his pan-racialism, like most of his other characteristics, tends to make him more of an anomaly than one of the boys. When he started rooming with Chuck Dobson both of them got heat from teammates black and white.

One of the black A's Jackson wishes he communicated better with, he says, is Vida Blue, who is so disenchanted with the A's organization this year that he has

*continued*

# Us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch!



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av. per cigarette, FTC Report March 74

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
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announced his desire to change sports and play in the World Football League. In high school Blue was an amhustrious quarterback. "I see a lot of me in Vida," Jackson says. "Finley hurt him. He took the little boy out of him. He did that to me, too, but I got it back. I love to play. I love to hit batters. I mean I love to hit pros."

As player rep, big bat, the loudest voice in the clubhouse, Jackson stays in the thick of his team's turbulent affairs. But in speaking of his life he often comes to estrangement, to being alone.

There was the time early in 1970, his third full year with the A's, when after a big 47-homer season he held out for \$50,000, incurred Finley's wrath, started slow, was benched by Finley and even was threatened with being sent to the minors. One night, after 13 games on the bench, he pinch-hit and delivered a grand-slam homer. As he crossed the plate he raised his fist in defiance toward Finley in his box.

Finley called a meeting in his office. Jackson surrounded by the owner, the coaches, the manager and the team captain, Sal Bando, who looks like Alan Arkin and is now noted for keeping things loose around the A's, for bringing Jackson down to earth with deft, good-natured kidding. But there was no kidding in that meeting.

"Finley had a public apology drawn up for me to sign," Jackson recalls. "I told him ain't no way. It was right what I did, I'd do it again. He said we were going to sit there till I signed it. Or I'd suffer the consequences. The commissioner was involved, he said. Nobody spoke up for me. I'd never been so alone, so alienated from people who I thought were my friends. I was so lost from companionship I cried. I was supposed to eat dinner with some people at nine o'clock, and I couldn't get out of there to meet them until two a.m. I never actually signed the apology, but I said I would. I'll never forget that. I'll never forgive."

And then there was the time in the '72 division-championship playoff with Detroit, when in the process of stealing home successfully, he felt something give in his left thigh. "I pulled a hamstring. Ran further and tore it. Little further and ruptured it. Little further and it was like someone went in there and ripped some muscle off the bone."

"Finley was the first one inside to see me. He was emotionally hurt. I think he gained a lot of respect for me that day as a ballplayer. But here I was in a World Series—the World Series. Everybody's watching. Every pitch is money. And I couldn't play. I couldn't put my underwear on. Had to lay 'em down on the floor and stand in 'em and pull 'em on."

Catcher Dave Duncan, who was traded after that Series for telling off Finley on the plane home, was a close friend of Jackson's. "After I was hurt, he cried. He said, 'You got to play, for me!' And I started crying. That night he put me to bed. And the next day he and Joe Rudi came over and fed me."

"But then when they won the last Series game, it was the worst feeling I ever had. When they jumped and tumbled over each other I couldn't run onto the field. They all ran past me into the clubhouse. I hobbled. My leg hurt. I felt so dejected, so disgusted. I remember the next spring, last spring, I said to everybody, 'I'm going to the World Series this year. You going with me?'"

A lot goes on in Reggie Jackson's life. At home there is right life—the A's, like the Yankee teams of the '30s, have no curfew—with Playboy Club bunnies and stealer girl friends. There is a tastefully decorated penthouse apartment in Oakland, which he gets rent-free, with closets full of good clothes, including a couple of dozen leather jackets, which he also gets free. Over Jackson's bed there is a painting of a lone seagull flying in darkness. He sees himself in Jonathan Livingston Seagull, the fictional gull that breaks away from the crowd to transcend itself and then returns to help others toward limitlessness in flying.

Twice a year he trades in his free Pontiac Grand Prix on a new one. He has thriving houseplants that he waters vigorously and urges on. "Look at that boy," he exclaims, regarding a split-leaf philodendron. "He's defrog, isn't he?" He shares his big-league clothes and apartment (from which he will soon move to an \$85,000 condominium in Oakland Hills) with John Summers, a white rookie. In the morning he may drive by to see his friend Ed Doherty, the distinguished-looking white businessman who provides him his cars, and his friend Everett Moss, who is black and a

handyman, and then drive on and have breakfast at Lou's Pie Queen, a pork chops-biscuits-grits-and-eggs place, where he calls Lou's "Mom" and kids around with a black man wearing two gold dollar-sign pinkie rings and an Evil-Eye Fleece hat.

And on the road he cuts a wide swath, as in downtown Minneapolis one fine afternoon, checking out high-heel shoes and leather coats, grading every girl he sees on a scale from one to 10 and rapping with all the eights and above. He even offers conversation to a girl who turns out to be plain and uninterested in talking to him, which offends him greatly. "She was a one and didn't want to talk! A one and she's got no time!" To a blonde eight in a department store he walks right up and says, "You're the best-looking lady we've seen so far. You're a superstar," and gets a date. To another blonde eight, a receptionist in a health club who remains businesslike, he says so, he doesn't need to sign up for some exercise. "I was born this way." And he runs into Bando in a department store and is delighted when Bando greets him by checking out his white shirt and red-and-white jacket and saying, "White on white went out with Sh-Boom."

In Chicago he dislikes the ribs served to him in the Playboy Club and describes them as follows to the bunny: "They were 0 for 4. With a couple of strikeouts thrown in. And a weak pop-up to the pitcher."

He gets his interviewer lodging in the booked-up hotel where the A's are staying by telling the desk clerk he needs a room for his parents. The interviewer points out all the reasons why it will be difficult for him to pose as Reggie's mom and dad: he is one person, white, not named Jackson and only four years older than Reggie. "I could've been adopted, couldn't I?" Jackson replies.

At breakfast in Chicago, Jackson talks about being a fan, a devourer of box scores: "Staergell hasn't started to pump yet! Ralph Garr started out 0 for 13, he's hitting .350 now, Willie McCovey just got his first home run after 79 at bats. Scotty was 3 for 4 yesterday." And he does his imitation of his friend the slugger, George Scott of the Brewers, saying on the phone, "I-i-i is y' got good wai-tha theyah?" Reggie loves George Scott, likes to call him up to discuss slugging.

*continued*





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does his imitation of him over and over, savoring it.

Then he talks about his father, Martinez Jackson, the Philadelphia tailor who played semipro ball and raised Reggie in the suburb of Wyncoke. "He was a hustler. Sold anything—from numbers to baloney. I know two things I can do: play ball and make money. That's what my old man could do.

"Everybody in my family is high-strung. My father told me, go about things hard. If he sent me to the store for some ice cream, he expected me to get it. He didn't want to know if it was raining or I had to hitch a ride or walk or wire Western Union—he wanted that ice cream. He had a phrase—he didn't want to hear any 'ar ray boo.' Any ball, in other words. I believe that now, in baseball. If the man's got to be moved to third base, you do it. Don't care how you do it, do it. Dick Williams felt the same way about it.

"My father was divorced from my

mother when I was six. He was father to us three boys by day and mother by night. I didn't get close to my mother until I was 17, 18. My father didn't do things by the law every day, but he had food on the table, and we had shoes and socks and hats on. He was a good old dude.

"I had trouble adjusting socially in high school. I was suspended three times. In part of my junior and part of my senior year my father was away for six months. He never hurt anybody, but he sold numbers and bootleg whiskey. I'd go to school for a week without saying a word. I was mean and bitter. 'Cause I was alone. Nobody took any care of me. I was a hell of a football player 'cause I was mean and nasty. I ran through the center of the line and a guy hit me in the mouth and busted my front tooth. I said, 'Run that play again.' They blocked him down, and I ran over his chest and face. Right over his face mask with my feet.

"Being mad helped me in football, but not in anything else. When I was in high

school I needed a psychiatrist. One day I'd bought me a box of pretzels for lunch. I came into class about 10 minutes late and set my pretzels down on my desk and turned away to give the teacher my pass. When I turned back, one of the boys had busted open my pretzels and taken them.

"Now you know I live in a bad mood," I said. "Who took my pretzels?" Nobody said anything. "Whoever took my pretzels, give me a nickel." Nothing. I turned to the teacher: "Tell these guys to do something, 'cause they done messed up my food." Somebody threw a nickel and it rolled around on the floor. I turned around and caught one guy smiling and I grabbed him and set him up against the window and said, "Boy, don't you know I'll kill you?" He got nervous. Said, "Man, don't do that."

"You know you're not supposed to do that to me," I said. "You know I'm crazy." And my girl friend was all crying in the back. She was a Jewish girl. And they used to tease her. In her home-ec

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class the teacher said, 'I heard Reggie went on another tantrum today.' I went over to the home-ec class and cussed her out.

"Me and my buddies all had '55 Chevys. We'd sit up in the church lot, four of us, drink six quarts of beer and eat potato chips. Then go crash parties. Beat up on rich kids. Take their coats. 'Cause it was cold and we didn't have no coats. And we'd wear 'em to school the next day. And these rich kids better not say nothing. We'd whip 'em."

Through the window of the Chicago coffee shop Jackson waves at John Summers, walking by on the sidewalk wearing one of Reggie's coats.

"Me and my friend Irwin would take our bicycles and go stealing on Saturdays. Magazines, candy, yo-yos. One time I went into a store with my father and I stole a candy bar. He made me go back in and tell the cashier I stole it. I never stole anything again in my life. I was so ashamed."

Was he ashamed when his father was away?

"I missed him. It was sad 'cause I couldn't get near him."

Ever since that painful separation Mr. Jackson has kept in close touch with his son, writing him to hang in there against lefthanders, to be quick with the bat, to have respect for his coaches and managers. Reggie also now enjoys warm relations with his mother, who lives in Baltimore—he bought her a new house—and with a lot of other relatives. "I play ball for my family." He was divorced two years ago—"I was too wrapped up in being a good ballplayer, I had no conception of being a husband"—and says he misses the steady companionship of one woman, as opposed to several. He has no children, but he lavishes gifts on his young nieces and also on a poor Indian-Mexican-black community in Arizona.

Finley likes to call his ballplayers "Son," Jackson, of course, doesn't go for

that, but he can deal with his own coolly now, and thanks to psychotherapy and the avuncular or big-brotherly counseling of Dick Williams and Frank Robinson, who managed him in Puerto Rico in the winter of '70, he says he is over his rage and stubborn "meanness." He says, "I had to learn that R-E-G-G-I-E didn't spell J-E-S-U-S. I've got good linear thinking now."

But in the Chicago airport, after having some beers with teammates, discussing how to hit and how to deal with Finley and accommodating yet another kid pestering for an autograph ("I'd like to slap him in the head," he says, but he signs), he strides down the concourse restlessly and says, "I hate airports. I hate airplanes. I'm callused. I'm in a cage now. I like to be left alone by people snatching at me, grabbing at me. I don't go out all that much with that many people on the team. I just float until the game. When I get that bat in my hands people are paying attention. I'm alone then. I'm

*continued*



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out of my cage. I'm free to move, to run, to go. I'm like an animal running through the woods."

He seems to be fascinated with the calluses on his hands, from hitting. "Feel those," he says, and indeed they are formidable. "Jesus Alou shook my hand the other day and said it was like shaking the damn road, it was so hard." Women are often amazed to touch those calluses, he says. "He's hard all over," Summers says. "He's one big callus. Skin's tight."

He comes into the dressing room in Minnesota after the rest of the team one evening and sees his interviewer talking to Centerfielder Bill North. North has refused to speak to Jackson ever since Reggie chewed him out in front of everybody for not running out a ground ball hard. (And last week the two traded punches in the Detroit locker room.) Dark will not upbraid people, so Jackson takes it upon himself. "Who does he think he

is?" teammates complained after Reggie criticized North.

It bothers Jackson that North, who is black, formerly his friend, a fine base runner, a very cool and intelligent talker, won't make up with him. "I see a lot of me in him," he says of North. He feels eager to help teammates (and opponents, too, for that matter). Before he has a chance to ask the interviewer what North said, Jackson is pleased that an occasion arises for him to show how he can deal as player rep. Finley has called up minor-leaguer Phil Garner, but now threatens to send Garner back down right away if he won't sign a big-league contract on Finley's terms. Jackson takes over. He gets Finley on the phone and reasons with him, tells him that sending Garner back down will only reflect badly on the club. Finley listens—everyone is amazed. Garner gets the contract he wants.

"Is it true you have to have a law degree to be player rep on this team?" Reporter Bergman kids Jackson.

"That, or be indispensable," says Reggie. But he is worried about something. "What did North say?" he asks the interviewer.

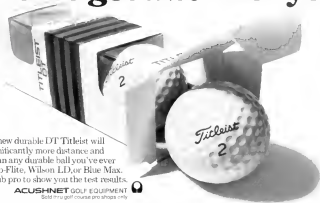
"That you were a great player, but off the field he didn't have any use for you."

Jackson suppresses agitation. "But nobody else on the team said that, did they?"

On the field he watches his teammates hit, has good words for the ones like Bando and Rudi who use their top hands effectively, who have a *throw* of hitting, grumbles about the ones whose bats are lazy, who could be good hitters but won't work at it. He hits with the regulars and also with the reserves, tries to coach Summers, who is appreciative but says he just can't apply those fine points yet, he has to get his own feel for his stroke first. Jackson is impatient. He takes several cuts with the 50-ounce leaded bat, eliciting admiration, but also a hoot from Bando. "Reggie! If the lead flies out of that and hits me, I'm suang."

*continued*

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"You saw me," Jackson tells the interviewer. "I tried to talk to North again. He wouldn't talk to me." He turns on Garner, whose big-league career he may have saved half an hour before, and snaps, "Why don't you take batting practice with your helmet on? You have to wear it when you hit in a game don't you?" Garner gulps. First Baseman Pat Bourque, who knows the big man better, reaches over and touches Jackson's cheek, as if to remove a speck of dirt.

Jackson holds out his freshly bat-chafed hand to the interviewer. "Feel those calluses. They're rough. They're red. They're *red!*" But as he feeling too much of that old meanness maybe, to think linearly tonight and hit peas?

No. What Jackson does tonight is hit a 400-foot double, a 400-foot home run and a single to drive in five runs in a 7-4 last-inning victory. The A's are leading the league, leading it, as usual, by no more games than necessary, winning the ones

that count, showing the class—conceivably the overconfidence—of the best team in baseball.

Teammates are coming up to their big gun in the dressing room after the game, calling him Buck in admiration.

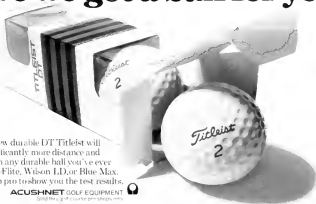
"One thing you haven't asked me," Jackson says to the interviewer. "About my teammates." He goes on for 10 minutes, naked, skin tight, bursting about how pitchers like Catfish Hunter and fielders and runners like Campy Campaneris and hitters like Gent Tenace keep games close for him, enable him to be great. He mentions nearly every man on the squad, North prominently. His portable tape recorder is playing the Jazz Crusaders' *Scratch*, easy post-game music to relax him. It is a great team he is on, he says. He feels it at the park. He feels it in the hotel. He is playing for a *champion*. And yes, as for himself, he thinks he could bat .400 for a season if he tried to go for average, and if everything went right some

season he could hit 65, 70 home runs. Earlier he had carried a Baby Ruth bar and an Oh Henry! bar, representing the Babe and Aaron, around the clubhouse soliciting opinions as to what the candy bar that will doubtless be named after him ought to be called. The responses tended to be unprintable and he loved them.

And Bando spoke of what a highly developed hot dog Reggie was, how he'd gotten his antics refined now to the point that they were a part of him, no longer obnoxious, and maybe therefore he ought to pose for the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* next to a huge hot dog dressed in a full Oakland uniform. The interviewer noted that players poiled around the league tended to say of his antics, "That's just Reggie."

Hearing that, Jackson allowed a flash of non-linear bemusement to cross his face. "Yeah," he said, looking proud still, but somewhat troubled. "I wonder what they meant by that?" **END**

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If you do not win one of the 300 scholarships, your application is automatically placed in competition for one of the approximately 700 four-year scholarships which will be awarded on April 1, 1975. Failure to win during the early cycle will not adversely affect your application, as the regular selection board will not know that you competed during the early cycle.

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# FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 3-9

**ROARING**—World Champion CARLO BOYOMI of Italy, took the Bahamas 300 offshore polo-mot race in his Holzer Quattro, Dry Harbor. Defending national champion FREDIE DE PAK, piloted by George Bentley, took the 4th President's Cup Regatta for intercollegiate on the Potomac River despite a third place finish in the final heat. After Van Lier, Bill Muncy driving, came in second.

**COLLEGE BASEBALL**—THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA at Irvine won its second straight NCAA Division II championship by beating the University of New Orleans 14-8 in Springfield, Ill. Irvine first baseman Jeff Mahaffey, drafted by the California Angels, took the MVP award.

**ELVIS UNIVERSITY** of Lockport, Ill. took the NAIA tournament at St. Joseph, Mo., making them Hoosier State J-2.

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL** The champion of the Big Eight Conference will automatically qualify for the Orange Bowl for four years beginning with the 1976 game, according to an agreement signed by the conference and the Orange Bowl Corporation. Consensus representatives will discuss a system at the end of a year, and remaining teams will be allowed to accept invitations after postseason games.

**GOLF**—TREVOR HOMER of England saved the honor of the home country as he won the British Amateur championship at Muirfield, Scotland by holding off Jim Gubler of Atlanta 2-up. Homer also was the winner in 1972.

**HUBERT GREEN** earned his third victory of the season in the \$15,000 IVE-Phalaris Golf Classic, at Whitemarsh Valley Country Club with a 13-under-par 271, carrying a final-round double-bogey six on the 4th hole. Hale Irwin finished second, four strokes back.

**JOANNE CARNER** collected a \$20,000 share of the \$100,000 pot at the LPGA Desert Inn Classic in Las Vegas, competing in 304, eight under par and one shot ahead of Corrie LaValle.

**HORSE RACING** LITTLE CURRENT (35) exploded down the stretch to take the 90th running of the Belmont Stakes by seven lengths over Akiya Asha and Caneblaze (near tie).

After outdueling Jockey Brian Taylor before the start of the \$107,250 English Derby at Epsom Downs, 56-to-1 longshot SNOW KNIGHT led for most of the 16 miles, but only led the second British-bred Derby winner in a dozen years. The champion colt finished two lengths ahead of 20-to-1 Imperial Prince, while favored Secretariat of France was seventh.

**MOTOR SPORTS**—JIMMY SCHMICKER of South Africa, Patrick Depailler of France and England's James Hunt of the Lord Huntley racing team finished 1-2-3 in the Swedish Grand Prix at Anderstorp.

**CORLEY KEENER** of Fleet, Mo., won his Harlow-Overland 1500 in the Leontine Downs National for his first career win on the Grand National motorcycle circuit. Defending U.S. champ Kenny Roberts finished 11th.

**BASEBALL** The Western German's Los Angeles Angels remained unbeaten in seven games, defeating Miami 2-1 and Boston 2-0 in tie breakers. Doug Mader's goal in the Boston game put him in the lead for the league's scoring title with 6-6 goals and five assists. Seattle batted Toronto to first loss of the season 2-1, but the Metros rebounded with a 4-0 victory over Washington, retaining first place in the North. In the apert department, New York grabbed its first win of the season, 2-1 over Boston, and Rochester scored deflating championship Philadelphia 3-0. Miami's 3-0 tie breaker over Rochester moved the Mets into second place at the East behind the Astros. In the Central Division, Dallas remains on top, but Detroit's 3-2 win over St. Louis put the D-boys back in the race.

**SWIMMING**—SHIGCHI NAKAHARA of Tokyo became the first man to swim the Strait of Malacca from the Indonesian island of Rapan to Pin Dickson, Malaysia. The 26-year-old coach and marathon swimmer covered the 48 miles in 21 hours 30 minutes.

**TENNIS**—While the French Open held the spotlight, most of the name players were stretching around with the WTT. Rosie Casals won her 20th straight set in 21 strokes. Martina Hingis and Billie Jean King both the Detroit Loves remained a game behind Cleveland in the Central Section. Billie Jean King's Philadelphia Freedom lost their status as the women's team, dropping four straight, but they continued to be the league's major draw, attracting 16,638 at Bicentennial, and were still considered to stay the Atlantic standings. Detroit's eighth straight win moved the Racquets into second place in the Pacific Section behind Los Angeles, while Monteria remained atop the Gulf Plains Section.

Instead of playing in Paris, where he was banned, JIMMY CONNORS warmed up for Wimbledon with a win at the Northern Irish tennis championships at Manchester, downing England's Mike Collins 11-11, 6-2.

**TRACK & FIELD**—Tennessee announced defending champion UCLA for the NCAA outdoor title in Austin, Texas (page 16).

**RICK WOHLHUTER** broke his own 40-year-old record by half a second, clocking 1:44.1 at the Hayward Field Rejuvenation meet in Eugene. Dale Aronson's record also fell to 1:45.1 by NED TAYNE ran the three-mile in 12:54, with FRANK SHORTRIGHT finishing in 12:52. The old mark of 12:39 was set by Gerry Lindgren in 1966.

**WEIGHT LIFTING**—VASSILY ALEXEEV of the Soviet Union set two world records (old 1 records) in the snatch and 935 in aggregate on his way to winning the European championship in the super-heavyweight class in Verona, Italy.

**REPORTS**—ANNOUNCED BY Kansas City Chief Linebacker WILLIE LAMIER, his retirement following the 1974 season, Lanier, selected as an All-Pro four times in his seven-year career, will join Phil Simms line.

**AWARDED** The 28th NFL franchise, for \$18 million, to SLATKILL, where a new domed stadium is scheduled to begin play in 1976.

**HURED** By the ABA Denver Rockets, CARL SCHMIDT, 31, as general manager, and LARRY BRUNN, 37, as coach, to replace Alex Hannan. Both, came from the Carolina Cougars, a defunct team in the league's 1974-75 franchise league.

**HURED** By the NHL expansion Kansas City Scouts, BEF GUICHON as coach, after his resignation from the Boston Bruins.

**HURED** TOMMY HENRY, 35, as assistant coach of the NBA Pro and Trail Blazers, after years with Philadelphia 76ers, Minnesota Timberwolves and Seattle.

**HURED** RUDY HUBBARD, 28, backfield coach and former halfback at Ohio State, as head football coach at Florida A&M, succeeding Jim Witten.

**RENEWED** For the third season, NHL's televising coverage of NHL games, after various deliberations about dropping the sport because of poor ratings (p. 16, May 29).

**RETIRED** Philadelphia Flyers All-Star Defenseman BARRY ASSHEF, following an injury suffered in an NHL preseason Stanley Cup game against the Rangers.

**SELECTED** A game for the New Orleans Saints in the NBA, the JAZZ, and with colors, gold, purple and green, symbolic of Mardi Gras.

**DIED KNIGHTLY** Way, robust and fastest 5-year-old colt winner in 1971, carrying 1250, 207 in his last career and winning both the U.S. Haines Wrenner, Trist and the Dewar 4 year last season of six-year-old career, at Rensselaer Raceway.

## CREDITS

4—Mel Soffer 14, 15—Chris Colts 18, 19—James Davis 20—Walter Jones Jr. 20—James Davis 20—48—John D. Walker 48—Sherry E. Jones 31—Dey Paul 31—Robert Jones 31—James E. Jones 44—47—Paul Butler 31—78—Mark Williams—Columbus Co. Jan. 1971-72.

## FACES IN THE CROWD



**RALPH GUARRA, 17**, of Bishop Watson High, Columbus, Ohio, shot 73-73 -143 on the par 72 - 65.57. Scarred by a course to win his third straight Ohio high school individual medal title, a feat never before accomplished. He led his team to its third Class AA crown.



**JOHN A. DICK, 63**, of Dousman, Wis., competing in a state AAU Masters event, established most of the records with a 4'4" high jump, 13'6" long jump, and a 28'9" triple jump, and in the 65-year high and low hurdles, one-mile walk and 16-pound shotput.



**MARTIN STURGESS**, a sophomore at Edinboro (Pa.) State College, won his second straight Pennsylvania Conference singles title and remained undefeated in six years of tennis competition. Sturgess had a 46-0 record in high school and 21 more wins in college.



**RANDY MAMOLA, 14**, of Santa Clara, Calif., named to first-place finishers in the Spiritism Division of the American Motorcycle Association High Point Series at Santa Rosa and San Francisco. Randy, who began competing two years ago, has won more than 180 trophies.



**JESSIE GRIFPIN**, a senior at Lansing (Mich.) Senior High, capped two years of undefeated diving competition, during which he won 28 straight dual meets, by taking the state high school championship, after he had won his league title and the national News-Examiner.



**MARY BETH AKRE**, a sophomore at Lock Haven High in Towson, Md., led her lacrosse team to a 12-0 season, scoring 18 goals, and then added six more in a 17-4 victory in the Baltimore County finals, which gave the Raiders the national state championship.



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# 19<sup>TH</sup> HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

## MONTREAL'S GAMES

Sir:

The ideas (to some they may appear more like dreams) of Mayor Jean Drapeau (*Montreal's Motto: Have Fun*, June 3) truly are fit for the whole concept of an Olympics. Reading the article, I, too, was caught up in a new spirit concerning the Games.

It is refreshing to hear politicians speaking of games and, while using a practical idealism, connecting such games with our feelings about life. We do expect a certain peacefulness, as Mayor Drapeau suggests, but we are treated instead to displays of crass nationalism and trivial politics.

Yes, M. Drapeau, let us have some games in Montreal. Merci.

RICHARD G. KIFF

El Paso

Sir:

Had I lived in Colorado, I would have voted and campaigned against holding any part of the Olympics there or anywhere else. However, after reading of Yvan DuBois' plans and his statement, "These are games, not business," my faith has been renewed. DuBois' efforts will make the Olympics, once again, a human congregation for the participants, for the citizens of Quebec and for the world. The Games, which only a while ago seemed on the brink of expiring, will become inspiring. My money will be spent not to support our national team but to support DuBois' plans and our return to international humanism. I enthusiastically await the sale of Canada's Olympic coins.

STEVEN SCHENK

Waukesha, Wis.

## IVORY'S RECORDS

Sir:

I certainly enjoyed reading the article on Ivory Crockett (*Gold to Ivory, Ashes for Tony*, June 3). However, I was dismayed to learn that there are still dissenters in the media on the West Coast who would insinuate that Tennessee clockers could not be trusted. Obviously, these people did not know the facts about this great record dash.

The Knoxville Track Club officials, who serve during most meets at Tennessee's Tom Black Track, have had more than 12 years' experience in clocking track events and are not to be doubted. Furthermore, Ben Plotnicki, the starter of the record run, has been starting track events for 28 years and, indeed, had called a false start on one of Crockett's opponents just prior to the record run. If Crockett had jumped the gun, you can bet Plotnicki would have called it.

Most notable are the recorded times of that run. The three clockers got Ivory in 9.0, 9.0 and 9.1. The electronic timer caught

Crockett in 8.94. If anything, the clockers' times may have been a bit slow.

RANDY MORLEY

Hixson, Tenn.

Sir:

After reading Pat Putnam's fine article on Ivory Crockett and Tony Waldrop, one would have to wonder about the NCAA officials who decided Crockett could not run the 100 meters at 9.6 seconds, so they moved his time up to 9.9, the world record but wadded. If he had run 9.6 in the Olympics it would have been a world record. Luckily Bob Beamon did not make his record broad jump in the NCAA championships or the officials would have decided that no one could jump that far.

KEVIN THOMAS

St. Petersburg, Fla.

## FLEETING BEAUTY

Sir:

My compliments on your beautiful article *Off the Shores of Glitche Gower* (May 27). In an age of industry and little true beauty, Robert H. Boyle has told it like it is. As a one-time resident of Minnesota and admirer of Lake Superior, I can attest to its beauty. The barges on the horizon at night, the early morning fog and the birds are all a part of the lake. I hope that taconite miners can take time out to see the utter beauty they are helping to destroy.

ERIC SHIMET

Kenfield, Calif.

## RAINROPS

Sir:

Re "The Wooling of Walton" (*SCORECARD*, May 27), how can you talk of the persistent rain of Oregon when Portland's normal annual precipitation is lower than—or at least no higher than—that of Philadelphia, Houston, Miami, Boston or New York? Perhaps it only seems to rain more in Portland because we have not yet paved over all of our grasslands or cut every tree.

LYNN HARMON

Portland, Ore.

## CHAMPION TURKEY CALLER

Sir:

Please be informed that I represent Mr. Ben Rogers Lee of Coffeeville, Ala., who is currently the national turkey-calling champion for the United States and who won this title for the second year in a row at Valesville, Ark. on the second Saturday in October of 1973.

I am writing concerning the article *A Real Turkey of a Shoot*, which appeared in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* the week of May 27. Said article, written by Dan Levin, portrays Harry

Boyer as the current national champion.

It is my understanding that Mr. Boyer has never competed in the national championship, much less won it.

JOHN W. THOMPSON II  
Attorney-at-Law

Butler, Ala.

• SI agrees. The title that Mr. Boyer has been credited with is Eastern Open champion, 1973.—ED.

## POINTED ARROWS

Sir:

I am offended by your article on the National Intercollegiate Archery Championships (*Robin Hood Would Quiver*, May 20). Not only do the women archers who participated in the tournament deserve as much recognition as the men, but mention of the facts that intercollegiate archery was founded by women and that the majority of archery coaches are women would have made your article at least a little less biased. One woman makes a joke about arrows with rubber tips, and you make it sound as if no woman can coach archery because "it isn't as simple as baking a cake." Surely you are aware that the winning teams, Arizona State and San Bernardino Valley College, are coached by women. It would be nice if you could pay them their due respect.

DEBORAH KITZINGER

Highland, Calif.

• Arizona State Coach Margaret Klann, co-founder (with SBVC Coach Lorraine Pascale) of intercollegiate archery, told the joke to emphasize the advancement in archery equipment.—ED.

## WHOLELY CONFUSED

Sir:

You reported in *FACES in the CROWD* (June 3) that Tom Crowe has had 13 holes in one. Now that can't be right. He can't get more than one hole in one. Also I rather doubt that he has 13 holes in ones; nor does he have 13 hole in ones. Let's just say he has made a hole in one 13 times. But then it wasn't the same hole. So maybe he has made holes in one 13 times. Or would it have to be holes in ones 13 times?

Please advise me how this should be correctly said. I will need it after just 12 more you-know-whats.

JOE SEBASTIAN

Clemson, S.C.

## COLLEGIATE BOWLING

Sir:

The Worcester Polytechnic Institute bowling team (*SCORECARD*, June 3) certainly is

continued

# How to keep from beating yourself at tennis.

**1. Unimaginative service.** Cannonball followed by patty-cake. Everybody knows how unimaginative that is. But beyond trying for two probably good serves instead of one possible great, there are ways to keep from stereotyping your service.

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**3. Playing doubles like you play singles.** Doubles is an entirely different game than singles. If you ignore that fact, and just try to play your best singles, you will probably

win occasionally. But to win often, learn some doubles strategies. The strategy can be simple, like placing the ball down the middle rather than in the alleys, or much more complicated.

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**4. Playing for the big point.** Let your opponents win the big points. Let them be the ones looking thankfully skyward after hitting one between their legs backwards.

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### 10TH HOLE continued

more than a ragtag outfit. Bowling and other lifetime sports do not get the coverage that the spectator sports do but they are nonetheless growing in popularity among participants on campuses. WPI bowlers had to beat some tough competition to make it to the nationals in Gainesville, Fla. They beat out the U.S. Military Academy in the last match of the season to win our 12-team Tri-State College Bowling Conference title, and then went on to beat Bernard Baruch College to win the Eastern Intercollegiate Bowling Conference team title. They may not have had nasty uniforms or recognition from their own school, but they did not lack in class or experience. They are a great credit to the growing sport of collegiate bowling.

DECK BURNS  
 Secretary  
 Tri-State League

Springfield, Mass.

### STROKING FOR HARVARD

Sir:

Dan Levin's statement (*Psych Warfare Our West*, May 27) that "no U.S. university has a stronger crew program than Washington, or a more competitive one" may be open to debate. At the Eastern Sprints, Harvard won the varsity heavyweight, the jayvee heavyweight, the varsity lightweight, the jayvee lightweight and the freshman lightweight races. This is in addition to Radcliffe having the national women's champion crew.

If such overwhelming power over substantial competition is not indicative of the nation's strongest crew program, it would be difficult to determine what is.

JAMES W. REING

Cambridge, Mass.

### DEEP GOING

Sir:

Bill Gilbert (*Journey to the Center of the Earth*, May 20) has again shown an extraordinary sensitivity to man's reactions to the awesomeness of unspoiled nature. His thoughts on the curiosity of man and the self-realization gained in facing the profound and accomplishing the arduous capture the essence of caving. Indeed, his article is more perceptive than most of those found in speculative publications.

Without suggesting that Gilbert has been reckless in his writing, certain points about caving need to be emphasized.

Despite the relativity of the concept of "wilderness," caves readily fit under that description and their preservation is threatened by wide-scale, if well-intentioned, promotion. More than any other natural wonder, a cave is a non-renewable resource (within the lifespan of a human) and, for all its stony rigidity, a fragile and unique ecosystem, and there just are not enough caves to go around.

Novices who venture into a cave alone or

continued



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Pictures are subject to change without notice.

### 19TH HOLE

ill-equipped are taking their lives in their hands. As Gilbert says, caving can be dangerous, confusing, panic-creating, and is always tiring. Consider the plight of the athlete. Both in the article "Caving is not for everybody, nor are all caves for all cavers."

Since Gilbert's article will undoubtedly create more than a few new cavers, allow me to make two suggestions to them: If you've never seen a cave, do. But go first to a commercial or state-run cave for a tour. You may not like the feeling of being enclosed and you'll save wear on wild caves.

If you are still sincerely interested, contact your local Grotto (chapter) of the National Speleological Society. There you'll find fellowship and expertise and a continuing effort to preserve our underground wilderness. It is against N.S.S. policy to recruit non-cavers, but I fear the recruiting has here been done for us.

WARREN HORMANN

Boulder, Colo.

### GOOD LORD

Sir

Lord Alexander Heskeith and his comrades—so regally presented to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED readers by the erudite ("Phenomena produces strange beggars") Robert F. Jones (*Lead in the Prix*, May 13)—represent a value system and sporting philosophy of a bygone era which is sadly vanishing from our ultra-commercial, super-professional, latter 20th-century technological age. Last autumn, when the Grand Prix circus again visited North America, the ghoulish atmosphere permeating the pit of the Heskeith Racing team at Mosport and Watkins Glen was in vivid contrast to the seriousness, unceasingness and solemnity pervading the surrounding pits. The fun, the quest, the grand and glorious adventure of it all brought Don Quixote to mind.

We live in a time when it seems that more sport news is made in the courtroom than on the playing field, where the influx of millions of dollars is required for the very existence of many competitive events. Indeed, for the evidence of entire sports, where many professional athletes pursue a cornucopia of riches beyond their wildest dreams with much more alacrity than they seek to improve their psyches and physical conditioning. It is most gratifying to discover, at such a time, sportswriter who in their sincere efforts to win still cling to a philosophy which incorporates the spirit of "winning one for the Gipper" or "giving it that old college try."

JOHN A. SCHROEDER JR.

Bay Village, Ohio

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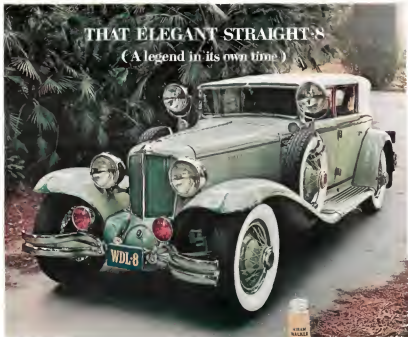
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